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DISPLAY OF FIRE-WORKS IN CITY HALL PARK ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, February 22, 1866.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 158.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

IT is a matter of the gravest regret that the President and Congress should differ so decidedly at this most important moment. It was clear, however, from the day that reorganization became a practical question that great forbearance would be necessary in each branch of the Government, and it is painfully evident that neither has exercised it. But we are inclined to believe that the events of the past fortnight have taught both the President and Congress, as they have taught the country, that a different spirit must prevail upon both sides at Washington, or very serious consequences will follow. Thus, upon the cardinal point of the admission of members from the late rebel States, the President is powerless if Congress persists; and, on the other hand, measures which Congress deems absolutely essential may be baffled by the President's veto.

When the last rebel surrendered, and the States whose secession had been prevented by the national arms were left without other government than the military authority of the United States, it was necessary that steps toward the civil reorganization of those States should be taken by the Commander-in-Chief. The President, therefore, acting under no special verbal warrant of the Constitution, but by its undoubtedly implied authority and from the necessity of the case, appointed Provisional Governors and authorized them to call primary elections of delegates to Conventions, indicating at the same time who should vote. In this last point of his instructions the President was governed by the view which had been kept steadily prominent through the war, that no State could lawfully secede from the Union; and as it was conceded that, under the Constitution, the suffrage should be conferred by the State alone, he refrained from disturbing that understanding, naturally anxious to follow as far as practicable the normal traditions of the Government. He excepted, however, certain classes of those who by the old State laws were entitled to vote, while he refrained from creating new voters.

Undoubtedly this whole proceeding was exceptional. He acted as an absolute military commander, and might, at his discretion, have imposed other conditions and adopted a different system. If he forbade voting to any whom the local law had formerly empowered to vote, the local law was really repudiated. His will was the only law in the case, and he had the same right to authorize WADE HAMPTON's late slave to vote as he had to prohibit WADE HAMPTON from voting. WADE HAMPTON was no more a traitor, according to the Constitution, although he was a more conspicuous one, than any of his soldiers; and if the Commander-in-Chief could authorize a traitor taken in arms to vote because he had been formerly a voter, he could certainly permit a loyal soldier of the Government to vote who had not hitherto enjoyed that right. But in this matter the President was guided by the plain consideration that it was desirable to make no fundamental changes which he could avoid; and although the true grounds and limits of his authority in the case do not seem to us to have been very clear to the President himself, he proceeded upon his conviction of the indestructibility of a State in the Union, and his action was perfectly intelligible.

The Conventions having met, he stated certain conditions which he, at least, deemed essential precedents to a resumption of the relations of the States to the Union. These were substantially the revocation of the acts of Secession; the repudiation of the rebel debt; the formal adoption of the Emancipation Amendment; the guarantee of all civil rights to the freedmen; and the election of truly loyal representatives to Congress. All of these but the two last were generally accepted by the States in question. But none, we believe, have fully guaranteed an equality of civil right before the law, although in one of the Southwestern States it has been held by a Court that the overthrow of Slavery carries with it all legal distinctions based upon color. One or two loyal representatives were also elected from the late rebel States.

This was the condition of the case when Congress assembled. The point to decide was exactly that stated by the President in his late unfortunate speech: "When those who rebelled comply with the Constitution, when they give sufficient evidence of loyalty, when they show that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law that you and I acknowledge, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." Congress met and found representatives of the rebel States awaiting admission. Congress said at once, "Let us examine and see if these States *can* be trusted, and whether they *have* given sufficient evidence of loyalty." Surely Congress was not bound to take the President's opinion upon these points. It would doubtless give it great weight; but the power already exercised by the President in the reorganization was so enormous that it was desirable another authority should intervene. The President had certainly no reason to be angry with Congress for exercising the very discretion which he claimed for himself; and it seems to us if the President had been more patient, if he had reflected that it was not for him alone to decide without appeal the conditions of reorganization of the Union, the collision might have been avoided.

It was the evident determination of the President that his view should prevail which excited the jealousy of Congress. How could he expect that General GRANT's report of a few days' excursion to Charleston would be accepted as a conclusive statement of the actual condition of public sentiment as against the evidence of prolonged and faithful observation presented by CARL SCHURZ? Mutual defiance was exchanged almost at the very opening of the session. The House insanely allowed its most unfit member for the office to be its leader, while the unfortunate expression of Senator SUMNER indicated a hostility and impatience which could only lead to mischief. With an equally unfortunate want of reticence the President talked freely and warmly of the action of the House; and the House had not dignity enough to rebuke THADDEUS STEVENS when, in return, he grossly insulted the President by comparing him, for expressing an opinion, to CHARLES I. subverting the fundamental law. The heat grew. The President, in his Veto Message, most unwisely engaged in an untimely exposition of his views of general policy. The Senate failed to sustain its own bill by the necessary two-thirds. The House, stung with disappointment at the defeat of its favorite measure, and incensed by the untimely remarks of the President, needlessly declared that, whatever his opinion might be, no rebel State should resume its relations in the Union except by permission of Congress. Again THADDEUS STEVENS talked wildly about usurpation at the very moment the President was refusing enormous power, and as if the President's opinion could admit a representative to Congress, and then followed the melancholy scene in the White House grounds.

If this hostility continues, practical reorganization of the Union will be delayed for two years certainly. A political revolution will inevitably arise which will return the late rebel States to Congress without the oath of loyalty, and transfer the Government to the present Opposition. Now Congress, it seems to us, for reasons which must be apparent to every thoughtful man, must take the initiative in returning to co-operation with the President. It must consider what is called his policy totally irrespective of his personality. The central idea of that policy is, that a change of feeling can not be wrought by law. We must remember that we are to live with the people of the late rebel States as fellow-citizens, not as subjects; and wise men will see many reasons why it is better to leave many things that we might now wish to effect directly to the surer accomplishment of indirect methods. Congress is undoubtedly the judge when the unrepresented States may safely resume their relations in the Union. But the decision should be based upon common-sense and a generous faith in the logic of events, in the great laws of human development, and in the wisdom of the American system.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

IN our remarks last week upon the Veto Message we assumed from the President's remarks that he proposed to leave the freedmen to the care of the States in which they live. We did so because he spoke of some of those States as in his opinion entitled to resume their normal relations with the Union, and consequently to the right of caring for all their people. He spoke of the present Freedmen's Bureau as still existing; but as that is to expire a year after the end of the war, and as he told us war was now ended, it was fair to assume that the present arrangement would end by the first of May. Moreover, he did not say that he approved such a Bureau, and by insisting that the freedmen were not so forlorn as has been represented, and might emigrate if they were dissatisfied or appeal to the courts, he very plainly intimated, as we inferred, that their rights were not to be defended by the United States. We therefore said nothing of his objections to the particular bill presented to him, but simply expressed our profound sorrow that, in his judgment, the emancipated slaves ought to be abandoned homeless, houseless, landless, and at an inconceivable disadvantage to those who are peculiarly hostile to them.

That our view was not singular was proved by the universal excitement that followed the Message. The party of hostility to human rights, the "Democracy," whose sole article of faith is contempt of negroes, fired their loudest guns at the pleasing prospect that the loyal people of South Carolina who had fought for the Union were now to be turned over to the revengeful hands of those who had fought against it. The extreme opponents of this party, true friends of the people and of equal rights, also generally hung their heads in speechless sorrow and amazement. But the *Evening Post*, which is edited by men as faithful to justice and equal rights as men can be; HENRY WARD BEECHER, whose tongue flames and sparkles against the enemies of man; and many a private citizen not less constant in the good faith, openly asserted that they did not understand the President to be opposed to any bill, but only to the present one, and for reasons which were in some points very weighty. But such was the doubt of the President's position arising from the want of precision of statement, and from the mixed discussions of his Message, that it was immediately announced that the Secretary of State would come to New York and speak upon the subject. Under such circumstances a speech could only be an explanation, and we waited patiently the Secretary's coming.

Mr. SEWARD's reception was deserved. It was a tumult of enthusiasm. Every man in the audience remembered his services and his sufferings, and forgot every thing else. The important part of his speech was this plain declaration:

> "Both the President and Congress agree that during the brief transition which the country is making from civil war to internal peace the freedmen and refugees ought not to be abandoned by the nation to persecution or suffering. It was for this transition period that the Bureau of Freedmen was created by Congress, and was kept and is still kept in effective operation. Both the President and Congress, on the other hand, agree that when that transition period shall have been fully passed, and the harmonious relations between the States and the Union fully restored, that bureau would be not only unnecessary, but unconstitutional, demoralizing, and dangerous, and therefore that it should cease to exist."

He added that the President thought the transition period was nearly passed, and that the original provision is sufficient for the end desired. That provision is for a year after the end of the war; but the war does not end, he said, until a proclamation is issued by the Government; and if, as the year closes, it is found necessary to continue the provision, it is for Congress to continue it. Mr. SEWARD confirmed our view that in the President's judgment the war of the rebellion is "not yet fully closed."

General HOWARD was equally uncertain of the President's meaning, and asked an explanation. The General subsequently issued a letter to the agents of the present bureau informing them that the President regards the law as continuing "at least a year from this time;" and Senator WILSON, who has wisely maintained pleasant relations with the President, has introduced a bill extending the operations of the present bill for two years.

We are sincerely glad that this is the truth. The national disgrace of an abandonment of the freedmen in their present condition to those who lately held them as slaves would be overwhelming. They are our wards, and we have no moral right to relinquish their hands until we leave them as fully secure in every civil right as every other citizen. Upon this point there is no difference of opinion among Union men. It is the "Democracy" only which would abandon them. The President, in his conversation with Governor COX, of Ohio, speaks of his resolution to see justice done with a distinctness which we should have been glad to find in his Message. The case is unprecedented, and we must treat it accordingly.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bull speculators in gold are having a hard time. For three years they have fought the Government with vigor and success. But their glory is departing. They thought 140 quite a moderate price for gold, in view of the $750,000,000 of currency afloat; and when the Government began to sell its surplus gold, some three weeks since, they merely laughed at the Government broker, and took, day after day, all he had to sell. It was not till he returned to the charge day after day, and week after week, each time seemingly with an increased supply of gold for sale, that they lost heart, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, fled in dismay from the field. The premium dropped to 136½, and would have gone still lower, but that at that point the Government broker, not caring to press the market, withdrew for a time.

In days gone by the supply of gold in the Treasury was so sl[illegible] of its actual wants that every one [illegible]ulate to a nicety how much the Government could afford to sell. This ascertained, the Bull speculators would make up a "pool," take all the Government gold at a price, and then, when the Government dared sell no more, would run up the premium with perfect impunity, and compel the merchants who required gold for duties to buy it of them at the advance. Now the reserve of gold in the Sub-Treasury is so far in excess of the wants of Government, and the revenue from customs so far beyond general expectation, that there is practically hardly any limit to the quantity of gold which Government can afford to sell. During the month of February it is safe to say that the Government broker must have sold from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 of gold, and if the speculators had had the courage to keep up the premium above 140 he might have sold much more. By the last official report of the Treasury Department Government held over $50,000,000 on 1st February, and since then the customs have yielded about $15,000,000 more. Fighting a "pile" of this magnitude is a very different matter from fighting poor Mr. CHASE, with his beggarly reserve of five or six millions.

The decline and the increased supply of gold are very distasteful to most of our foreign merchants. When the banks suspended specie payments most of these gentlemen put their capital into gold, and have held it in gold ever since, borrowing currency on the pledge of the gold for the transaction of their business. In ordinary times these gentlemen have done very well. In the first place, their business has been safe from the perturbations and uncertainties which have embarrassed all trades prosecuted on a currency basis. And, next, gold having generally been scarce for delivery owing to the small volume of floating gold, and the large short sales by speculators and merchants, these foreigners have, during a large part of the time they have held their gold, been able to make something by lending it out. It has been quite common for them to get all the currency they wanted on the pledge of their gold free of interest; and it has not been uncommon for speculators to pay them ⅛ and even ¼ per cent. a day for the use of their gold. During the first days of February, before Government began to sell, the stock of floating gold had fallen so low that speculators were obliged to pay ¼ and even $\frac{3}{16}$ of 1 per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. These were halcyon days for the foreign houses which held their capital in specie. Since Government has supplied the market times have changed. Gold is now quite abundant, and holders who want to use their money in business are compelled to pay full 7 per cent. interest for the use of currency.

It need hardly be observed that these merchants had a perfect right to invest their capital in gold. In one point of view the operation was eminently business-like and judicious. But as it somehow generally happened that men who had thus invested their capital in gold became imbued with a deep distrust of the national currency, and as they generally lost no occasion of expressing that distrust, spreading it through society, and impressing it upon all with whom they came into contact, they came, rightly or wrongly, to be regarded as unfriendly to the national cause, and to be classed among the sympathizers with the rebellion. That injustice was herein done to many holders of gold is quite likely. But, in the main, the chances are that the popular theory was just, and that merchants who held their capital in gold were not, as a rule, friends of the national currency or of the country in which it was issued. For this reason there is the less regret felt that this class of persons should now be suffering loss in consequence of the Government sales of gold.

Of the future of the gold market nothing can be said except that gold ought to steadily decline, and probably will. There is no reason why it should be maintained at its present premium. The currency has reached and passed the maximum point of expansion. More compound legal-tenders are now passing out of circulation than Government is issuing of national bank notes. In the course of a few weeks, of the entire issue of $185,000,000 of interest-bearing legal tenders, there will not be $15,000,000 in circulation. At the same time a lively demand for currency at the South is drawing to that section a considerable proportion of the existing national bank notes and plain legal tenders. The currency is still far larger than is required for the business of the country. But it is not as large, in fact, as it was three or six months ago, when the bulk of the interest-bearing legal tenders circulated as money, and few or none of the national bank notes went South.

Serious differences of opinion have been developed in Congress with regard to the Financial Measure, sometimes called the Morrill Bill. It is of very little importance whether Congress passes the bill or not. Under the acts now in force Mr. M'CULLOCH can contract the currency just as fast and as thoroughly as he requires. The new measure would certainly enlarge his powers. But it is open to objections to which existing statutes are not obnoxious; and if the work to be done can be accomplished without creating Mr. M'CULLOCH Dictator of the money market scandal will be avoided, and the reputation of the Secretary will be spared aspersions otherwise inevitable. It seems probable that Congress will pass a law excluding interest-bearing legal tender notes from the reserve which the law compels national banks to keep on hand for the redemption of their notes. Such a measure would restore compound legal tenders to the category of investments, to which they fairly belong—would at a blow curtail the currency by $185,000,000; and would compel some of our national banks, which have been doing business on a grand scale, and declaring enormous dividends, to convert a large proportion of their assets into legal tenders.

The great balance in the Treasury—$110,000,000 at this point, and probably not less than $150,000,000 at all the various Sub-Treasuries and depositories—continues to attract attention. Merchants can not understand why Mr. M'CULLOCH should be willing to pay 5 @ 6 per cent. interest for money which he doesn't want, can't use, and keeps idle. Possibly a solution to the problem may be made public within a few days.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

THAT the President of the United States should have been incited by a shouting crowd of his fellow-citizens to denounce by name a Senator, a Representative, and a private citizen, and to speak of another citizen in the slang of the stump, is something so unprecedented and astounding that, while every generous man will allow for the excitement of passion, there is no self-respecting American citizen who will not feel humiliated that the chief citizen of the Republic, in such a place, on such a day, should have been utterly mastered by it.

Yet the servility which actually defends and approves such an outburst of passion is even more deplorable. The President, excited and exasperated, may be charitably supposed unconscious of the real scope of his words when he accused Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS of inciting to his assassination. It is conceivable that he was too angry to weigh his words when, after calling for justice upon traitors—meaning the gallows—he denounced those gentlemen as traitors. But for an editor to sit deliberately down and elaborately justify so tragical an outrage of the plainest official propriety upon the ground that the speaker said that he should "stand by the Constitution," is an offense so contemptible as to be ludicrous. The President has taken a solemn oath to "stand by the Constitution," and nobody supposes that he intends to perjure himself. But the Senator and Representative have taken quite as solemn an oath, and their purpose is no less undoubted. Is it treason and deserving of death to differ from the President's view of constitutional duty? How if, because of a difference of opinion as to constitutional obligation, the Senator and Representative had denounced the President by name as a traitor like JEFFERSON DAVIS? Would they be excused on the ground that they declared they would "stand by the Constitution?"

This is not a question of President against Congress, or the reverse. It has nothing to do with the merits of different views of reorganization. It is an offense unprecedented in our history, which we fervently trust may never be repeated.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

MESSRS. STRAHAN of London, whose exports of books to this country were arrested at the New York Custom-house for apparent undervaluation of invoices, are naturally angry at the interference with their very pleasant and very profitable business, and, being angry, are naturally indiscreet. The practical discrimination in favor of the foreign producer which at present exists, under the heavy accumulation of excise dues and the light *ad valorem* duties, encourages them in the belief that the American market is at the mercy of the London publisher. Serenely confident in this advantage given them by the much lower wages of their workmen, they boastfully predict, in a letter published in the London *Bookseller*, of January 31, "Americans may ignore all the teachings of economic science, and may refuse to believe that COBDEN and BRIGHT ever lived; but this must happen nevertheless, that the useless employment of men in the manufacture of books that are already manufactured will cease, and that there will no more be an English and American edition of the same book than there are just now an English and Irish, a French and Belgian, or a Prussian and Austrian."

But besides being very petulant Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. are, as we said above, very indiscreet. The lesson they have received has led them to examine the United States Custom Laws, and they boast that if one of their games can be stopped they can still play another unchecked. They have found that, under the law, if they export as manufacturers to their New York agent they are bound to invoice their books at the "actual market value thereof at the time and place when and where the same were manufactured," but that if their books undergo an intermediate sale they can be invoiced by the buyer "at the actual cost thereof." This opens a new door to them, and they thus cheerfully point out to their brother publishers the mode by which they propose to make America the literary Ireland of England: "Can we not make the question one of 'actual cost' instead of 'market value?' The New York house of STRAHAN & Co. (which, by-the-way, has interests separate from ours) can cease dealing with us and order their goods from an export house in London, to whom we can sell for one-eighth per cent. profit, and who on their part can sell for the same. This is quite according to the statute, and if the New York publishers will insist on our playing at business we may have no objection to do so."

We admit that all this is perfectly feasible, and further, that men who boast that they will commit two fictitious sales to bolster up an invoice of this kind are just as likely to make those sales, nominally, at twenty per cent. loss each as at one-eighth of one per cent. profit, and thus deplete the revenue still more. Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. have our thanks for the openness with which they avow their design of reducing us to literary bondage and the means by which they hope to effect it. We trust the confession will not be without weight with our legislators when they come to revise the tariff.

A PUNGENT QUESTION.

HON. JOSHUA HILL was a representative in Congress from Georgia when the State seceded. He held fast to the Union, and while withdrawing to his home did not disguise his loyalty during the war. He was a candidate at the late election of a United States Senator by the Georgia Legislature, but the fact of his loyalty was successfully urged against him. In a speech to the Legislature which is remarkable for dignity, force, and fidelity to the country, he told his fellow-citizens many valuable but not agreeable truths, and said to them with a stinging emphasis what is well adapted for other meridians than Georgia:

"You all profess to love the President and to sustain his policy. If I may be allowed to compare large things with small, let me inquire how it is that you can forgive ANDREW JOHNSON for making war upon the Confederacy, and exerting himself to crush it, and yet complain of me for my peaceful opposition to your revolution? His children fought you while mine fought for you. Are you quite certain that your love for the President is heartfelt and sincere?"

DR. DRAPER'S "CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA."

THE interest with which books in relation to America are now read all over Europe is strikingly shown by the publication of Dr. DRAPER's work on "The Future Civil Policy of America" at Leipsic, by OTTO WIEGAND & Co. This German translation is published in a style calculated for extensive circulation, and is made by Mr. BARTELS, Librarian in Wolfenbüttel.

Dr. DRAPER's previous work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe" has had extraordinary success. It has been reprinted in England, and translated into Dutch, Italian, German, the latter edition being published in two volumes by the above-named Leipsic house. The German critics speak of it with unqualified praise. One of the ablest of them in his review describes it as "one of the most masterly and profound presentments of the course of European mental progress that has yet appeared."

Dr. DRAPER's forthcoming "History of the American Civil War" will be reproduced in England, France, and Germany, simultaneously with its appearance in America. It is expected to be ready the ensuing summer, and doubtless will do much to disseminate in Europe just views of the principles of that great conflict.

LEFT-HANDED WRITING.

THE specimens of writing by soldiers and sailors who have lost their right arms during the war are well worthy inspection at the hall corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway. They are generally "back-handed," but legible and comely, and it is plain that a left-handed clerk or book-keeper can write as fairly as any other. The specimens are another illustration of the character and talent of Yankee volunteers.

IN PEACE.

OH leave me to my reveries,
My own pure sky, my valleys fair,
My streamlets running where they please,
My flowery hills, my forest trees,
My blue-waved river flowing there.

And let my life that stream beside,
Like it pursue its onward way,
Far from the loud world's pomp and pride,
Not deep, but ever clear its tide,
And careless of the future day.

Thus let it glide on, sweet and slow,
Bordered with flowers, the hills between,
Playing with moss shreds in its flow,
And grasses waving to and fro,
With willow branches dropping in.

My hours rocked by each wind that blows,
Linked hand in hand steal soft away,
In their light track my thoughts unclose,
As fast and fresh as grass that grows
Beside the trodden public way.

They say that life is hard to bear;
My God! it is not so to me,
Two angels—poetry and prayer—
Like sister's love, like mother's care,
Cradle and keep it pure for thee.

Childlike, it still pursues a dream,
A hope, a wish, a memory,
Like butterfly beside a stream;
And in each morning's sunny gleam,
It sees its whole futurity.

Drop upon drop, but honey-sweet,
Thus to its share the days are given;
There is not one it fears to meet,
Oh God! thus, doubtless at Thy feet,
The angels live in heaven.

And when this happy life is run,
Death must draw very gently nigh,
Like flowers half-faded by the sun,
When the long summer day is done,
We only bend our heads and die!

And if but Faith and Hope be there,
Why what is Death? To close our eyes,
To concentrate ourselves in prayer,
To yield our souls to angels' care,
And sleep, to waken in the skies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade introduced a joint resolution to amend the Constitution so that no President shall be eligible for a second term of office, and made a speech insinuating that the President was too ambitious of power.—The question then comes up whether, notwithstanding the President's objections, the Freedmen's Bureau Bill should be passed, and was decided against the passage, there not being a two-thirds majority. The vote stood yeas 30 to nays 18. Among those voting in the negative were Senators Morgan, Dixon, and Doolittle. Vice-President Foster voted in the affirmative; also Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Wilson.

In the House, the entire session was taken up in noisy discussion on a motion of Mr. Stevens, that "in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to disturb the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the minds of the people of the eleven States which have been declared in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of the said States, until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to such representation." Mr. Stevens moved the previous question. For several hours a persistent attempt was maintained to prevent a vote, but Mr. Stevens triumphed at last, and the resolution was adopted, 109 to 40.

February 21:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden attempted in vain to introduce the concurrent resolution which Mr. Stevens had rushed through the House the day before. The Constitutional Amendment was then debated.

In the House, the great topic of discussion was the Loan Bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, when he deems it expedient, to convert obligations not bearing interest, and also to dispose of any of the Government bonds, either in this country or Europe, for the purpose only of retiring other obligations, but not for any increase of the public debt. Mr. Morrill favored the bill. Mr. Stevens proposed to amend the bill by striking out the discretionary power of the Secretary and the foreign loan clause. He complained that the bill placed sixteen hundred and forty-four millions at the absolute control of the Secretary. Mr. Hooper spoke in favor of the bill at great length. He reviewed the financial history of the country for the past five years. He said: "According to the estimates of the Treasury Department, and the actual results of the first half of the present fiscal year, the revenue of the Government from the existing system of taxation, and from other sources, will not be less than $500,000,000; while the annual expenditures for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1867, including the interest on the public debt, is $284,317,181 88. It is apparent, therefore, that the present rates of taxation will, under any circumstances, yield an amount of revenue much in excess of what is necessary to secure the amount required for the ordinary expenses of the Government, the interest on the public debt, and a reasonable appropriation for its extinguishment within the lifetime of many of those who now bear the burdens of this taxation."—Mr. Hooper thus summed up the terms of our debt: "It may be well to recapitulate the statement of the different forms of obligations which now represent the debt of the country; and also to state the amount of debt existing in each of those forms on the 1st of January, 1866:

Bonds, the principal and interest payable in gold		$1,120,786,700 00
Legal tender Government notes, including the fractional currency, not bearing interest		452,231,810 37
Seven and three-tenths Treasury notes payable in three years, and convertible at maturity into six per cent. bonds		830,000,000 00
Legal tender compound interest Treasury notes, bearing interest payable with the principal three years from date		188,549,041 00
Certificates of indebtedness, payable one year from date, with interest		60,667,000 00
Certificates of deposit of temporary loans, payable with interest on demand, or in ten days from demand, after thirty days		97,257,194 50
Amount of the war debt		$2,749,491,745 87
Adding other Government debts		50,530,472 12
Total amount of debt Jan. 1, 1866		$2,800,022,217 99
At the same time there was in the Treasury, in coin	$45,735,550 69	
Less gold certificates of deposit	7,288,140 00	
		$38,447,410 69
Add in currency		44,993,271 11
Total amount to the credit of the United States in the Treasury		$83,440,681 80

It was essential, Mr. Hooper said, that our currency should not be subject to fluctuation. This could only be done by a gradual reduction of its amount until the remainder shall circulate as the equivalent of coin. The first step in that direction should be to exchange the interest-bearing legal-tender notes for long bonds; and at the same time to reduce the rate of interest on temporary loans to at least four or five per centum. This reduction of the rate of interest on temporary loans would enhance the value of certificates of indebtedness, which bear six per cent. interest; and, being payable at a period fixed by the Treasury Department, they are a more convenient form of loan, while at the same time they provide a mode of anticipating the revenue at times when it may be needed. When the only unfunded obligations of the Government are the legal tender notes and fractional currency, costing nothing for interest, we can more easily determine to what extent, and when, they shall be withdrawn from circulation. They now constitute a fund or loan amounting to over $450,000,000 without any cost to the Government for interest. They constitute a loan from the people; and before I consent to their conversion into bonds that will require the addition of $27,000,000 to the annual payment for interest, I wish to know how much benefit is to be derived by assuming so large an increase to the amount of interest we now have to pay; and also, for whose benefit it will be.... My chief objections to withdrawing the United States notes from circulation by converting them into bonds are, besides the expense that would be incurred for interest on the bonds, my belief that a larger amount of money than formerly is now required for the business of the country, and my fear that some other paper-money not so good may be allowed to take their place, by which the country would be further than ever from a currency convertible into coin."

February 22:

Congressional proceedings were interrupted to give place to the memorial service in honor of the late Hon. Henry Winter Davis. The eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Cresswell, Senator from Maryland.

February 23:

In the Senate, a new Freedmen's Bureau bill was introduced by Mr. Wilson, and was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.

In the House, Mr. Washburn was declared entitled to the contested Indiana seat by a vote of 87 to 36.

February 24:

In the House, Messrs. Clark, Plants, Beaman, and Bromwell made speeches on the subject of reconstruction.

February 26:

In the Senate, the credentials of the Arkansas Senators were laid upon the table, 29 to 17.—Mr. Sherman spoke against the resolution for the indefinite exclusion of Southern representatives. He held that the lately rebel States were States still. He showed that President Johnson's policy only differed from Lincoln's as being severer against rebels. He deprecated a needless conflict with the President. No act of the President's, he said, up to the present hour had been inconsistent with his obligations to the great Union party that elected him.

In the House, Mr. Bingham reported back the Constitutional Amendment that "Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States, and to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property." The amendment was laid over.

NEWS ITEMS.

During his last visit to New York General Grant has been presented by several of our leading wealthy citizens with a purse of one hundred thousand dollars.

The winter on the Pacific coast has been even more severe than heretofore reported. Communication with Montana has been cut off by the great depth of snow, and it is feared there has been great suffering and loss of life. It is said that two hundred Mormons on the way to that Territory are known to have perished.

The Georgia Legislature has sent Commissioners to Washington for the purpose of requesting the Government to remove colored soldiers from the State.

The chief medical officer of the Freedmen's Bureau represents that during the month of December the total number of freedmen treated at the various hospitals throughout the Southern States, principally for malarious diseases, was 13,112. The deaths during that period were 653; discharged, 12,459.

Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding in Kentucky, has been urged by the publishers of the Louisville *Journal* to urge the restoration of the *habeas corpus* in that State. He answers that he can not do it, and gives reasons therefor, whereof these are a part:

"More than 20,000 persons, who were for a longer or shorter period of time in arms for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Government of the State of Kentucky, and forcing its unwilling people into subjection to a hostile revolutionary government, have returned to the State, welcomed back to their former homes in many cases by communities that regard them as patriots and heroes. In many such communities loyal citizens and soldiers are objects of prejudice, dislike, and often of persecution. Courts organized under the laws of the State for the equal distribution of justice in many instances have permitted themselves to be used as the mere instruments of the vengeance of those who are hostile to the Government, so that loyal men are still, in some parts of the State, compelled to leave their homes, or, if they remain, are constrained to feel that their lives and property and all their dearest interests are insecure. The duty of protecting all the people of the State, and especially those who have periled their lives in its defense, is one that no Government can neglect, and, at the same time, escape the imputation of ingratitude, and subjecting itself to merited contempt. It is also true that upward of 200,000 of the people who were until lately slaves are now free. As slaves they were governed by a system of law adapted to their condition. But the same laws were intended to embarrass them as freemen. I assert, with as much earnestness, and with as high regard for the honor of the people of my native State as any one possesses, that the general treatment of slaves in Kentucky was humane and kind, and that the people generally recognize the fact that slavery has ceased; but that many outrages have been committed upon negroes in many parts of the State is true beyond all doubt; and, after the most careful inquiries, I have been unable to hear of a single instance in which the civil authorities have punished the aggressors."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE Queen of England's address to Parliament was delivered on February 6. We quote those paragraphs which have most interest on this side the water:

"My relations with foreign Powers are friendly and satisfactory, and I see no cause to fear any disturbance of the general peace.

"The meeting of the fleets of France and England in the ports of the respective countries has tended to cement the amity of the two nations, and to prove to the world their friendly concert in the promotion of peace.

"I have observed with satisfaction that the United States, after terminating successfully the severe struggle in which they were so long engaged, are wisely repairing the ravages of civil war. The abolition of Slavery is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in showing its abhorrence of an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity.

"I have at the same time the satisfaction to inform you that the exertions and perseverance of my naval squadron have reduced the slave-trade on the West Coast of Africa within very narrow limits.

"A correspondence has taken place between my Government and that of the United States with respect to injuries inflicted on American commerce by cruisers under the Confederate flag. Copies of this correspondence will be laid before you."

In regard to Fenianism she says: "A conspiracy, adverse alike to authority, property, and religion, and disapproved and condemned alike by all who are interested in their maintenance, without distinction of creed or class, has unhappily appeared in Ireland. The constitutional power of the ordinary tribunals has been exerted for its repression, and the authority of the law has been firmly and impartially vindicated."

In considering their reply to the Queen's Speech some members of the House of Commons thought that Ireland had grievances which ought to be redressed. To these Mr. Gladstone replied, taking exception to the remarks that the evils which afflicted Ireland were the results of legislation, and objected to pledge Parliament to redress evils which were in some degree beyond their power. He also objected to the amendment, on the ground that the Government had in the address desired to denounce Fenianism, and said the more clear and unequivocal their language was the better it would be.

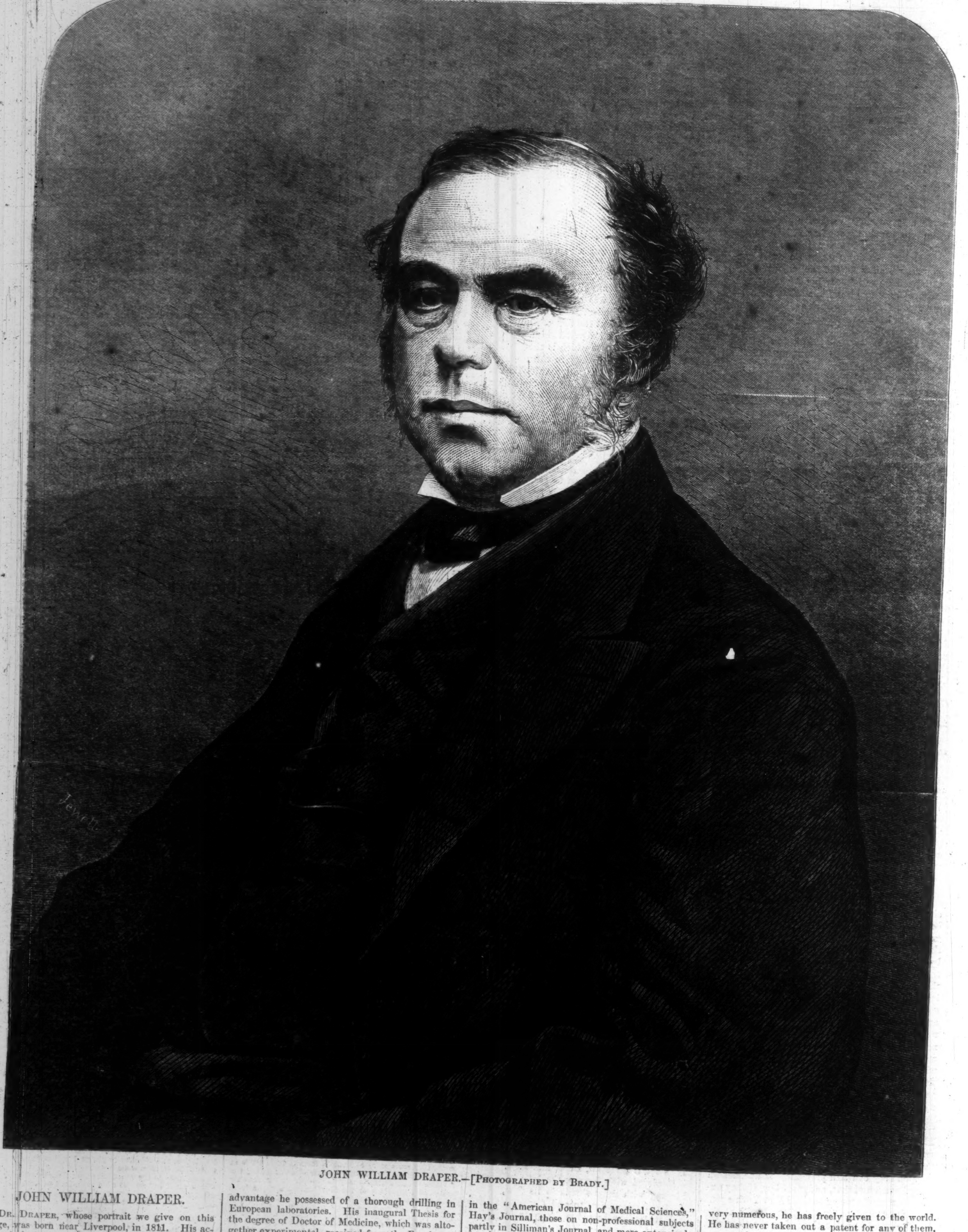
ITEMS.

Spain has issued letters of marque against Chili.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies have passed a resolution, by a large majority, protesting against the attempt of the Supreme Court to restrict liberty of speech.

With regard to the Mexican question, the address of the Senate, in reply to the Emperor's speech, says:

"Your Majesty informs us that the memorable expedition to Mexico approaches its termination. This is announced to satisfy France that the protection of her commercial interest is assured in a vast and wealthy market now restored to security. As regards the United States, if, from misconception, the presence of the French flag in America appeared to them less opportune than at a previous and most illustrious period of their history, the firm tone of the communications made by your Majesty's Government has demonstrated that haughty and menacing language will not decide us to withdraw. France is accustomed to move only at her own time, but she nevertheless wishes to remember the ancient friendship between herself and the United States. What your Majesty asked of the United States is neutrality and observance of international law."



JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

DR. DRAPER, whose portrait we give on this page, was born near Liverpool, in 1811. His academical education was much more varied and extensive than is commonly the case. He had every advantage that could be obtained from public and private instruction, and as was at that time the custom, especially directed his attention to classical and mathematical studies, in both of which he became very proficient.

Selecting the profession of medicine as his vocation, he commenced his studies in the University of London, and subsequently completed them in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. At that time there were very few persons in the United States who had turned their thoughts to Chemistry, and scarcely any who had had the great advantage he possessed of a thorough drilling in European laboratories. His inaugural Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, which was altogether experimental, received from the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania the unusual distinction of being published at their special request.

For some years after graduating Dr. DRAPER practiced medicine in Virginia. He then became connected with Hampden Sidney College in that State, having received the appointment of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. In 1838 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of New York, and has remained connected with that institution ever since.

His original contributions to science are very varied and voluminous. They are mathematical, chemical, physiological, botanical, geological. His medical writings were published for the most part in the "American Journal of Medical Sciences," Hay's Journal, those on non-professional subjects partly in Silliman's Journal, and more extensively in foreign Reviews. If collected together they would make several volumes. They have been translated into French, German, Italian, and extensively republished in England. Indeed so identified is Dr. DRAPER with the scientific reputation of our city all over Europe, that his experiments and memoirs are constantly referred to as those of "Dr. DRAPER of New York," as though the name of our city was a part of his name.

Many of these publications contain experimental solutions of difficult problems in Chemistry and Physiology. There is probably no private person in America who has expended more money in a purely scientific direction than Dr. DRAPER. Whatever discoveries he has made, and they have been very numerous, he has freely given to the world. He has never taken out a patent for any of them, nor sought to make them sources of personal emolument. He took the first photographic portrait of the human face, at a time when the possibility of doing so was universally denied. Had he sought to secure all the advantage from it, he might have made from that alone an enormous fortune. Probably more than ten thousand persons in the United States are obtaining a living from that invention.

Twenty years before general attention was directed to what is termed "Spectrum Analysis" in Europe, he had published some very important monographs in relation to it. They were, however, in advance of the times, and their value is only now beginning to be appreciated. Thus Professor TYNDALL in his "Rede Lecture," last year, before the University of Cambridge, shows that these experi-

ments are at the basis of the modern theory of the Radiation of Heat. Professor Youmans, in a recent review of Dr. DRAPER's "Civil Policy," mentions that one of the most distinguished scientific gentlemen in England said to him, "You Americans have a very remarkable man in Dr. DRAPER; beyond all question your first physicist. He is a most original and consummate experimenter, and I can not but regret that he leaves the field for which he is so eminently fitted." The regret was but natural in a passionate lover as well as an illustrious cultivator of Physical Science.

To the advancement of Physiology Dr. DRAPER has contributed probably as much as any living man. Thoroughly skilled in Anatomy, there is scarcely one of the animal functions which he has not made the subject of experimental investigation. Of his treatise on Physiology, published eight or nine years ago, it may be fairly affirmed that it contained more new discoveries and explanations than any other similar work. It became at once the text-book of many of our medical colleges. It showed that its author belonged to the party of progress in science, as other later works have shown that he does in politics and history.

Dr. DRAPER is a member of the leading scientific and philosophical societies in America and Europe. Honorary degrees of all kinds have been conferred on him by various colleges. For many years he has been President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and has given much of his time to the administration of the affairs of that institution. His physiological studies and scientific ideas have led him almost necessarily to the cultivation of History. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" and "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" have had an extraordinary circulation, the former having been translated and reprinted in many different languages. These books have made him more extensively known to the general public than any of his former physical, mathematical, or medical writings.

In these books is recognized at once the same turn of thought that gave such celebrity to his Physiology. He belongs to the party of Progress, the party of the Future. His views are those of the school which insists on the application of exact science to questions of Politics and History. One of the recent English Reviews, comparing his writings with others of that school, says: "In part, perhaps, from his medical education, and in part from the original constitution of his mind, Dr. DRAPER is more predominantly scientific than Mr. BUCKLE. The latter was essentially a literary man, his scientific knowledge mostly acquired by reading, being simply an accessory. But with Dr. DRAPER it is the basis of his intellectual attainments, the fundamental principle which tends to shape all else into its own likeness. Hence his clear perception of the presence of law, and his unwavering reliance on the regularity and cyclical repetition of historic events—ideas which generally appear vague and hypothetical, if not absolutely chimerical, to a mind cast in a purely literary mould."

His last work, "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," has attracted more attention than usually falls to the lot of such books. Originally nothing more than half a dozen fugitive lectures delivered before a miscellaneous audience, and, as its title of "Thoughts" indicates, not intended as a complete or systematic production, the ideas it conveys on matters of public policy have been received as of very serious import. Whatever their intrinsic value may be, it is undeniable that they have made a very profound impression. It is understood that in his "History of the American Civil War," now in preparation, these views will be extended and systematized, and their application in the case of the United States more completely shown.

Dr. DRAPER spends most of his time not devoted to professional pursuits in retirement, at his country seat at Hastings, in Westchester County. He married a Brazilian lady. Of his three sons, one is Professor of Physiology in the Free Academy of this city and in the Medical College; another is Adjunct Professor of Chemistry to his father in the University; he it is who constructed the great reflecting telescope—the largest in America—at the Observatory at Hastings; the third is an engineer of rising eminence.

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INSIDE.
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

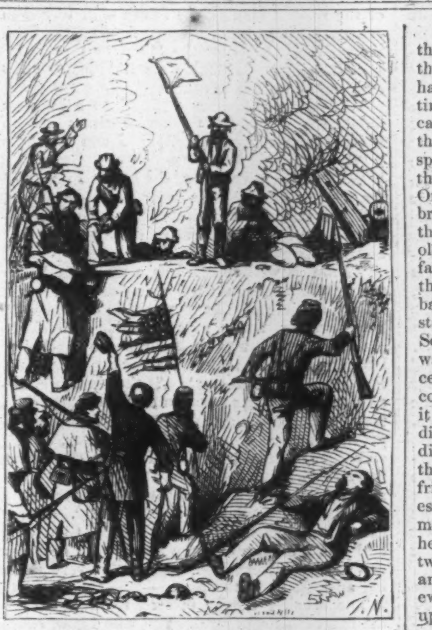
BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

AND so we return at the point from which these pages set forth—the fall of Fort Donelson, and all the boundless astonishment which followed it. We unmoored our bark and set sail under the strong wind beginning to blow at that date; and though we have been compelled to reef sail, and lie by for the last few chapters in order to get our ship's company thoroughly acquainted with each other, we will from this moment spread all sail, drive before the ever-increasing blast, and gain such haven in the end as it may please Heaven to grant.

"Exactly as I have all along said it would be, only far worse," Guy Brooks, Esq., is remarking to his pastor in the study of the latter at the very hour Brother Barker is reasoning over the same topic—the fall of Fort Donelson—with



THE FALL OF FORT DONELSON.

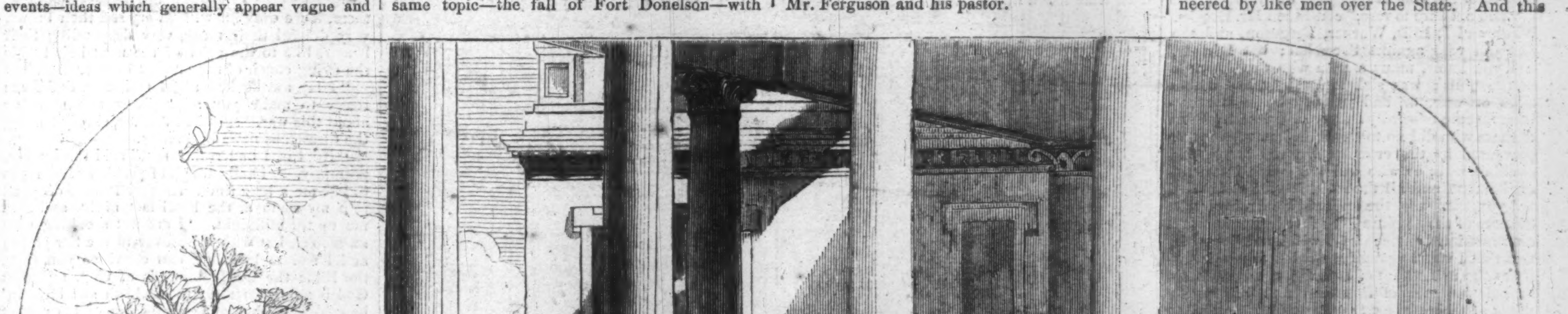
placid Mrs. Sorel under Colonel Juggins's hospitable though somewhat leaky roof. In fact, every person in the South—doubtless in the North also—over ten years of age is eagerly engaged at this instant upon this same theme. There in Somerville, the excitement being so intense, it is but natural a warm-hearted, large-limbed Kentuckian like Guy Brooks should feel deeply also. And strongly disposed to converse, too. Not in public, however. The time had been when no man spoke his mind more warmly and freely before Bob Withers, Sam Peters, Brother Barker, Colonel Ret Roberts, Colonel Juggins—ay, even before the dread Lamum himself, apt to put it all in savage print ten minutes after; before all Somerville, for that matter, than the lawyer. On the streets, in his own office with his heels upon his table, in good Mrs. Ellis's store, and every where else, the Kentuckian was wont to give his opinion upon whatever the topic might be.

Not so in these days. The lawyer has altered into a grave and silent man, with only occasional eruptions, showing that the fires within are only intenser for being smothered. What he would have said every where before, he now utters only when with such intimate friends as Mr. Ferguson and his pastor.

In every city, village, and neighborhood throughout the South it is touching to see how the Union men cling to each other. The ship having passed completely into the hands of mutineers, these poor disarmed passengers in the cabin below, the hatches battened down upon them, cluster instinctively together for comfort, speculating with each under their breath upon the storm raging around and the breakers ahead. One of the cruelest effects of Secession was the breaking up on every square mile throughout the South of many a friendship between even the oldest and most intimate friends. Worse still, families were broken up, son turned against father, brother against brother, wife against husband. In this latter and worst case, in nine instances out of ten it was the wife who was the Secessionist, while to many a husband nothing was left but either to engage in bitter and unceasing strife at home, or to play as well as he could the patient part of poor Dr. Warner. Yet it would be telling only half the truth here if we did not add that, where friends and relatives did hold to their country alike, the ties between them were immeasurably strengthened thereby; friend loving friend, father loving son, brother esteeming brother, wife valuing husband just so much the more as they thought alike, felt alike here, where thought and feeling had their intertwined roots about the soul's very centre. Ay, and persons never before acquainted, at enmity even, came now together into cordial friendship upon this one and sufficient ground.

"I frankly confess," said Edward Arthur, drawn toward his burly friend as he had never been before, "every thing is altogether unlike what I anticipated."

"Of course," replied the lawyer. "You ministers are only too ignorant of human nature, especially its darker side—which is all over," added the lawyer. "You preach total depravity from the pulpit as an abstract doctrine, yet ignore it in all your dealings with men or expectations from them. Do you remember that day I brought the first placard here for you to read? I prophesied then how it would be. As I knew at the time, the whole programme had already been arranged by Lamum and Colonel Ret Roberts, the Colonel at the very time solemnly sworn as a member of the United States Senate to uphold its Constitution—only one instance of a thousand similar perjuries. And yet we were all so horrified at Louis Napoleon! As we all know, there is a Colonel Ret Roberts and a Lamum, in some stage of development, in every town throughout the land. The meeting called and held by them in our Court-house here, not a corporal's guard of the people there; the furious resolutions adopted calling a State Convention; the blazing account thereof in the paper, was but a specimen of like meetings engineered by like men over the State. And this



PRESIDENT JOHNSON ADDRESSING HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS AT WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.

was the spontaneous, indignant, unanimous uprising of the people! You know it all. Before the masses can realize it, lo! a Convention is in actual session—a Convention voted for, and delegates thereto elected, by only a miserable minority of the people.

"And who composed that minority?" said the Kentuckian, becoming more and more excited. "First, the politicians themselves—men whose trade and living is politics—men who saw their power and plunder passing forever from their grasp unless they made just that last desperate move. And even they accomplished their end only by superhuman exertion through the press and from the stump. Next come the set in every neighborhood, following their party leaders from the very force of habit. Last, the people, fancying Secession the only remedy against the North. Remedy? Good Heavens!"

"You forget, Mr. Brooks," said Mr. Arthur, "there were really sensible and excellent men—"

"Who voted for the Convention, and for delegates to that Convention?" interrupted the lawyer. "Yes; Colonel Juggins, for instance, and all his class; and why? Because Lamum assured them Secession was only a step to Reconstruction—merely a peaceful Secession! He and his no more voted for the dissolution of the Union, and for war if necessary, than did you or I, or Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and the rest of us who refused to vote about a Convention at all."

"I half thought at the time a terrible mistake was being then made," said his companion. "If Union men throughout the State had all suddenly come into the idea of a Convention when it was first proposed by the Secessionists, had voted for it, had voted true men into it, then—"

"We would have seized their one piece of artillery, turned it upon the Disunionists, and with it blown them to the—the moon!" said the lawyer. "Ah, it is easy to talk! Or, if the Governor had but planted himself upon the Constitution from the first. But what is the use of talking about that now?"

"You know Secession was submitted to the vote of the people afterward," suggested the minister.

"And with great difficulty was that precious Convention induced to do it," said his friend. "And when it *was* done! By that time hadn't the politicians fanned the fire into a conflagration? You remember how it was commonly declared then that the man who refused to vote Secession was a base submissionist. As to him who voted against it, that man was an Abolitionist, and the sooner hung the better. Freemen! And yet tens of thousands of the best men in the State, scattered apart as they were among the excited, infatuated—"

"Don't let us say fools," interrupted the minister. "We can not keep our tongues too carefully from the violent language of the day."

"Did not dare to vote," continued Mr. Brooks. "You and I, Ellis, Warner, Ferguson, and the like, did vote against Secession; but I know, and you know, many a man who dared not go to the polls; was sick himself, or had a sick child or wife, or had pressing business somewhere, some cowardly excuse of the sort. Even of those who did go to the polls, how many were prevented by the crowd about the boxes, and couldn't wait, or who disliked going into such excitement, and all that, didn't vote at last. I tell you, Sir," said the excited Kentuckian, "the Signers of the Declaration of Independence left an illustrious name; but I will hand down the fact that I voted against Secession to my posterity as the noblest act of my life; my declaration of independence of falsehood and folly, made when at their highest flow."

"But a majority of the votes cast were for Secession," said the minister, after a pause.

"A majority of the votes *cast* you may well say," replied Guy Brooks. "But you know as well as I whether it was a majority of the voters in the State."

"And then came the raising of troops against the South," said Mr. Arthur, reflectively.

"Yes; and no man in the South had, in the flush of the moment, more disposition than I to meet force with force," began the lawyer. "At first it was a feeling sudden and universal. I think you were not altogether as clerical in your language, Mr. Arthur, my friend, as you might have been," he continued, with a smile. But there he stopped.

Ah, that terrible test of conviction and principle! Guy Brooks sat in silence, tugging gloomily at the hair behind his right ear with restless fingers, his broad, brown face no longer open, but full of such anxious thought as men know only when bosom and brain are at cross purpose, when feeling and principle are at strife for ascendency.

He said nothing, but he thought, thought! And multitudes at the South were at the same instant thinking, thinking, thinking—not saying a syllable of their thoughts even to brother or wife.

If his disjointed thoughts could have been written down they would have run somewhat in this manner: "We of the South—Southerner! Democratic right of self-government. But that democratic old Andrew Jackson and his native South Carolina in 1832? Humph! The old General would not have actually fought Carolina? Perhaps. South fighting for its very existence as a nation? Yes; and the United States Government fighting, since need is, for its prior existence. Secession in this case? Then Secession legitimatized at the North, East, West, in the South over and over again. Humph! Universal disintegration, dissolution, death! Wrong to fight against *that*?"

And on and on—millions at the South on the same track that instant with him—plodded Guy Brooks slowly, painfully through mire and fog. Alas, the systematic effort to drown one's own soul with the clamor of the times! Multitudes of the noblest men of the South were forced to conceal their trains of thought from others, from themselves. Alas, for the laborious process of self-silencing! Miserable dissembling to one's own self as well as to others.

With some it became settled into a hopeless habit, for which "the peculiar times" are to blame, Heaven knows, not I; *I* can not help it!"

With many, very many, the soul came out of the mire at last, to see clearly, to stand firmly, to speak boldly. But that daylight has not arrived as yet to Guy Brooks, sitting there that hour in his pastor's study.

"I am as well satisfied as a man can be on any moral question that Secession is a great wrong, a crime against man, a sin against God." The minister, as he says it, walks to and fro across his study, his hands clasped behind him, his chin drooped upon his bosom. "But then the Battle of Manassas! At the time it seemed to me God's approbation of Secession. Not that I thought for an instant the Almighty approved of Secession," said the minister, hastily correcting himself; "that I never can bring myself to believe. I mean, it began to seem as if the Almighty intended permitting the deed, as he permitted the partition of Poland. So far as we could gather from our papers, the North had pretty much given the South up. But now this sudden, determined, apparently overwhelming advance upon the South—"

The speaker hardly uttered to himself even the rest of his sentence. You who know, could you have found just at that date a Southern-born man at the South who would then have intimated even to himself, much less to his dearest friend, a wish for the success of the Federal arms?

Guy Brooks and Mr. Arthur never were more busy than in keeping themselves from distinct thought upon the matter.

"And do you suppose," said the lawyer, at last, "that the politicians did not know all this time of the immense preparations being made by the Federals on shore and sea at the North? No, Sir. It was no ignorance on their part. From the first they have studiously kept the people at the South in profound ignorance. Look at Bowling Green! Who dreamed the Confederate Army there was so small?"

"It certainly was poor policy," said his companion.

"Knaves are *always* fools in the end," was the lawyer's remark. "It is all of a piece. You remember that summer of the burnings?"

The minister nodded his head to this altogether unnecessary question. If no one else remembered it Edward Arthur certainly did, the memory of his heart assisting therein the memory of his head. That serene, starlight night upon the front porch sparkled in his memory amidst that dark time like a diamond set in jet.

"You may remember," continued his friend, "I had my idea then, as well as Ferguson his, as to those fires, poisonings, conspiracies, book agents, and all. I did not utter my suspicion then to a soul. I could not believe it possible. I do believe it now," he added, with a blow of his huge fist on the pastor's table, sending his heavy Concordance inches in the air.

"Well?" inquired the other. "I confess I am just as much puzzled this hour upon the subject as I ever was." And he paused in the midst of his walk before the lawyer with curiosity in every line of his face.

"Sir, I suspected it then; I know it now," said the lawyer. "The whole excitement in the South then was the result of a regular conspiracy."

"So Lamum said at the time," not so innocent, however, of his friend's meaning as the words would indicate.

"And the unprincipled—yes, it is better to use no epithets; it may become a habit these awful times, and become oaths—the unprincipled man," continued the lawyer, "was right. Only he was himself one of the conspirators. The whole plot was devised and worked by him and his masters. I tell you, Sir, not more than a dozen or two of the ablest and most desperate of the leaders may have been in the secret; but as I believe in the existence of Satan, so do I believe that the whole excitement that summer was plotted and carried on by them and by their agents to prepare the people at the South for Secession. It was not enough to split the Baltimore Convention, and so bring about the election of Lincoln—*that* was in the programme. But they knew that even if Lincoln was elected—a Black Republican I mean, whatever his name might be—the South was not ripe for Secession even for that; and that is the way they ripened the South, as by a hot-house process."

"And the John Brown Raid?" asked Mr. Arthur, with a smile. "No, Mr. Brooks, I can not agree with you there. I have long thought that political ability, and political success, too, whether on the part of Louis Napoleon, or of Jeff Davis and his set, consists not so much as people suppose in creating or even in anticipating events. No; it consists rather in instantly and adroitly seizing upon events, even altogether unforeseen events, as they arise, exaggerating them, turning them, working them toward their own end. The destruction of the Union being the end fixed upon, the politicians in Congress, from the stand, by the papers, and in every other way, have strained every nerve to make every event a help toward that."

"And all the time the people, intent only on their daily matter, dreamed of nothing about their country but that it was the greatest and most permanent government on earth!" said Guy Brooks.

And yet a great many people at the South hold with the lawyer upon that incendiary summer up to this hour. Not Mr. Ferguson, of course. As to every thing being worked by the Disunionists to their own deadly end, he believed that as firmly as any man. But for those burnings, the excessive dryness and heat of the season is the full and sufficient explanation.

"Look at the papers if you doubt there being a systematic conspiracy as I say," urged the lawyer. "Do you not see how invariably they are exaggerating into the utmost importance every thing favorable to their Confederacy—invariably, systematically distorting or suppressing every thing in the least degree unfavorable to it? The tremendous clatter they keep up on the bells at every rumor of victory, only a part of the same thing. They desire to establish a manufacturing interest at the South; they have begun it with a vengeance in the manufacturing of lies—out of all material, and out of no material at all."

As we have observed, it was just after the fall of Fort Donelson that the lawyer held this conversation with his pastor. Time was to teach him something of the capacity of human nature to produce, and to believe in, falsehoods beyond what he or any other man could at that day have deemed possible.

"'NASHVILLE OCCUPIED BY THE FEDERALS! NOT ONE SOUL THERE SO BASE AS TO WELCOME THEM. INHUMAN ATROCITIES ALREADY COMMITTED THERE! NORTH ALABAMA THREATENED! GRAND ADVANCE UPON VIRGINIA! FLEET TO DESCEND THE MISSISSIPPI! ATTEMPT SOON TO BE MADE ON NEW ORLEANS! OUR AROUSED PEOPLE READY TO HURL THEM BACK. THEIR VERY ADVANCE PERMITTED BY OUR GENERALS AS PART OF A BRILLIANT STRATEGY SOON TO BE SEEN IN ITS FRUITS!'" read Mr. Arthur from the headings of the last Somerville *Star* lying on the table. "It really does seem as if the North was about making a determined effort," he continued, after a pause.

"It does indeed; you may well say so," replied his friend, with tones in singular contrast with the gloomy shake of the head which accompanied them. And it was not only singular, but to the last degree exasperating to Lamum and his set, the way in which the Union people began to swarm out into the streets from their retreats, like bees on the first burst of summer; and the frequency and fullness and unction with which they spoke of "the late most disastrous news."

Good Secessionists shrank instinctively from all conversation with them; but there was a wonderful degree of sudden visiting among themselves on the part of the Union people. No two of them could meet on the street, or upon the roads around, but they must stop to shake their heads together in sad concert over the "terrible intelligence," and to agree that "matters must be much worse even than our papers represent them, if we only knew." Very sad their brows, very doleful their tones, very desponding their hearts, like to the grief of the next heir beside the dying couch of the present owner.

"I lay awake last night thinking, and I am ready to make you a prophecy this morning about this war," said Mr. Arthur, slowly tearing the disastrous news into strips.

"No, Sir, I had rather not," said the lawyer, promptly. "I had enough of prophecy last night to last me a long time. Brother Barker dropped into my room at the hotel last night, and kept me up till midnight. 'I am not speaking with an infidel, but with a believer in the Scripture; and I feel to believe I can convince you from the Bible the Confederacy is of God, and that God is going certainly to establish and bless it,' he said. With that he whips out of his pocket his little black Bible, and goes at me exactly as he used to do about points of doctrine, only with far more zeal."

"I do not remember any Scripture bearing upon Secession," began Mr. Arthur.

"You are behind the times, Sir. You have seen a book, written by a Dr. Baldwin, showing how the United States is clearly alluded to in Scripture. Since Secession Baldwin's idea has been seized upon and arranged to admit Secession and all its glorious results. Oh, I can not remember half the man's nonsense! I listened to it as part of the insanity of the times with some curiosity. Abler and better men than poor Brother Barker originated the idea; he has jumped upon it as his last hobby, and is riding it to death. Even Captain Simmons has caught the infection. Fullest of memories of Sabbath-school and Scripture when drunkest, the Captain's religious knowledge until so warmed being as invisible as the writing in lime juice, he now brings, when drunk, an amazing number of scriptures to illustrate the subject in hand."

"Can you not remember at least one of his texts?" said the minister, all the theologian beginning to stir within him. "I am curious to know what even insanity can find to favor the Confederacy in Scripture."

"Well," said the lawyer, his fingers busy behind his right ear, "there is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands which smote the image—in Daniel, I believe. The mountain is the United States Government; the stone is the Confederate Government, which is to grow into a great kingdom, and in some way or other fill the whole earth. Ah, yes, the stone being the Scripture emblem of the Confederacy, you have only to turn to the places in which it occurs in Scripture to find plenty of reference to that Government! Whoever fell upon the stone was to be broken; upon whomsoever it was to fall it would grind him to powder—I do not remember where it occurs in the Bible—emblematic of the victorious strength of the Confederate Government. 'The North and Europe sneer at us on account of slavery. Very well,' says Brother Barker, 'the Bible expressly *says* of the Confederacy, it shall be a stone of stumbling and a rock

THE PARSON AND THE LAWYER.

of offense.' All the rest of the world is infidel, is his notion, because it rejects the Bible doctrine of slavery as a divine right. In other words, the Confederacy is the last, lingering abode on earth of pure religion. 'Perfectly clear that,' says Brother Barker; 'does not Scripture say on this rock or stone I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? which settles the result of this war upon us by the North,' he said. Yes, he thinks when once you have what he calls a key, like the symbolical meaning of the word stone, you can unlock all prophecy. There is the word seven also; he makes it refer in Scripture to the seven States which first seceded; and he runs that word down through the Bible. Seven women shall lay hold on one man; that means those seven States laid hold upon, to feed and protect them, a Confederate Government over them all, and so on. Then there is a prophecy about the Mount of Olives; mountain in Scripture, he says, means the old United States Government splitting asunder by a line running east and west, referring to Secession. 'Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind;' Europe lying to the east of us, this is a prophecy of the raising of the blockade by the European states. There was a vast deal more to the same effect, but I have forgotten it. But to do every body justice," continued the lawyer, "though people rather like to hear Brother Barker's expositions of prophecy, feel strengthened by them, I have not heard of any one as yet decidedly embracing them. 'They *may* be correct; we hope they *are* correct,' is what his hearers say, but that is all."

"To me such a thing is one of the darkest features of the times," said the minister, very sadly. "If ever there was a time when religion and the ministers of religion should hold themselves aloof from the infatuation of the hour it is now; for if there is no restraining influence exerted on the rising tide of worldliness and wickedness by these, what is left under heaven to restrain? I know of no other influence used of God for this purpose."

"I fear matters are going to be far worse than you or I have ever imagined. And this brings me to the matter I called this morning especially to see you upon," continued Guy Brooks, rubbing his upper lip with his rueful finger.

Ah, that sinking of the heart, which tells more surely in the bosom of impending evil than does the mercury in the barometer of approaching storm! Not yet had Edward Arthur got used to it; though he was to be made a stronger man, and by this very process.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I fear we are going to have trouble in our church—great trouble," said his friend.

"I think not," said the minister, earnestly, but with more hope in his tones than in his heart. "You remember I announced from the pulpit, at the outset of Secession, that I intended to confine myself exclusively to the peculiar duties of my calling, and to keep politics utterly out of my sermons and my prayers."

"It doesn't matter," replied his friend. "Do you suppose there is a person in Somerville but knows your views in regard to Secession?"

"I can not help that," replied the minister. "I have the deepest and clearest convictions on the subject—how could I but have? I have all my life been accustomed to express myself frankly to my friends in conversation on every topic which came up. Upon this topic, one so continually up, one in which I can not but feel the deepest interest, I have done the same. What else could I do? You would not have me dissemble my honest convictions, I know. I have sometimes wished I had been able from the very first never to have uttered a syllable on the subject one way or another to a human being."

"You would have possessed supernatural strength to have done so. And even if you had," continued his friend, "your very silence would have had the worst possible construction placed upon it. How could you be silent, people would have said, amidst the universal enthusiasm, unless because you could not, would not join in it?"

"But what have I done to imperil the church?" asked the young pastor.

"You do not pray for the Confederacy."

"Why, Mr. Brooks, you know how often we have discussed that question. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and to the present powers that be I have submitted as to the providence, for the time, of God. The Bible commands us to pray for these powers. So I do every Sabbath from the pulpit in the exact language of the Scripture."

"You have never prayed for the success of the Confederate Government," said the lawyer.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, "I never have in private nor in public. What is more, I never will. Mr. Brooks," continued the minister, deeply agitated, "I believe in my soul, as before God, that this whole movement is a wrong, a crime, a sin. Men better than I may not believe so, but *I* do believe so. For my life, after all the thought, reading, and prayer I have given for years to the subject, I can not but believe so, always have believed so, always will. Can I, then, pray for the success of a wrong, a crime, a sin? I believe this whole movement is ruinous in every sense of the word to the whole land. I believe its success would be specially disastrous to my native South. Can I stand up, then, and ask the Almighty to bless, to prosper, to grant success to the movement? No, Sir, I would die first! Scripture distinctly commanded what Timothy and every other minister then was to do, Nero being then on the throne, a usurper, and the vilest of tyrants. The command is left for the guidance of every Christian now. I obey that command literally and fully in my prayer every Sabbath in the pulpit—more than that I can not do."

"I perfectly agree with you; I heartily and entirely approve your course," said his friend. "The plain truth is, I would not, a good many of us would not, enter the church if you pursued any other course. Yet it will not satisfy the Secessionists in our church. They have been growling at it for some time. As the excitement deepens, and it is deepening every hour, they will not stand it. They—"

"You know I have often offered them my resignation. It is ready at any instant," interrupted the young minister.

"Yes, and your resignation is the closing of the church," said his friend, gloomily.

"I had thought my course met the approval of at least the overwhelming majority of the church," said the minister.

"So it does," said the lawyer; "but times are rapidly coming when even those entirely with you in sentiment will not dare to say so. You see I know men better than you. And I may mistake, but I dread even more than that. You who by habit give yourself to religion, and keep aloof from the excitement of the streets, can not imagine how this excitement is beginning to eat into the very piety even of those who entirely agree with you in political sentiment. Unless I mistake, you will find even they will cease taking any interest in religion; will cease from attending public worship even, such is the paralysis creeping over even the best Christians."

The heart of the pastor had been already too full of forebodings not to acknowledge the truth of all this.

"But what do you advise?" he asked at length, so sick, so deadly sick at heart.

"Simply that you pursue the even tenor of your way," said his friend. "I have told you all this in order to keep you thoroughly aware of the exact state of matters. You should feel no mortification at it as at a matter personal to yourself. You need not I should tell you the sentiment of the church toward you. But we are passing through a terrible revolution—a revolution social and religious as well as civil. Your trial will be that of, I suppose, every pastor in the land. If you were a Secessionist that would not mend matters, for then the Union people would be against you. Let us bear up as we best may; no man in the land but is smitten in some shape by the accursed step we have taken off the precipice," said the lawyer, disregarding in his excitement all the rules of rhetoric. "I am sorry you are so cast down; you are as pale as a sheet."

And long and sad was the conversation which followed between the friends, drawn now nearer together than ever before.

"There is one thing I hardly need say," added the lawyer, as he rose at last to leave. "We are entering on times of great scarcity and pressure. At least do not let *that* trouble you. To my last cent you may depend on me. There is Ferguson, too—but I am ashamed even to suppose you do not know all this without being told. Good-by!"

With the door locked, the curtains down, all the raging madness shut out, Edward Arthur sank upon his knees before One nearer to him and more to him than all the universe beside. Amidst the wreck of all else, this seemed all that was left him. It was not only his church, his old friends, Alice too—Alice? But he never dreamed of regretting his opinions. They had been as much a matter of course to him as his breathing. Long he kneeled there in earnest, fervent prayer. He had had troubles before, but here was the wreck to him of all things at once. Alas, he was only entering upon the trial! It was to him but as Gethsemane; the awful remainder of Agony was yet before him.

"I fear you are unwell, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles to him that night at supper. "We wondered you did not come to dinner." But Mrs. Bowles was not in her manner and tones the Mrs. Bowles of other days. And Alice, too!

"But I can not help it!" groaned Edward Arthur.

THE DEAR PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Dear President,
Lay in the Round Hall at the Capitol,
And there the people came to look their last.

There came the widow weeded for her mate;
There came the mother sorrowing for her son;
There came the orphan moaning for its sire.

There came the soldier bearing home his wound;
There came the slave who felt his broken chain;
There came the mourners of a blacken'd Land.

Through the dark April day, a ceaseless throng,
They pass'd the coffin, saw the sleeping face,
And, blessing it, in silence moved away.

And one, a poet, spake within his breast:
"It harm'd him not to praise him when alive,
And me it can not harm to praise him dead.

"Too oft the muse has blush'd to speak of men—
She need not blush to speak her best of him,
And still to speak her best of him is dumb.

"O lofty wisdom's low simplicity!
O awful tenderness of voted power!
No man e'er held so much of power so meek.

"He was the husband of the husbandless;
He was the father of the fatherless:
Within his heart he weighed the common woe.

"His voice was like a father's to his sons:
As to a father's voice they, hearing, came—
Eager to offer, strive and bear and die.

"The mild bond-breaker, servant of his Lord,
He took the sword, but in the name of Peace,
And touch'd the fetter and the bound was free.

"He shall not stand among the historic kings,
Strong barbarous chiefs and bloody conquerors,
But with the pure and great Republicans:

"Those who have been unselfish, wise, and good,
Bringers of Light and Pilots in the dark,
Bearers of crosses, Servants of the World.

"And always in his Land of birth and death
Be his fond name—warm'd in the people's hearts—
Abraham Lincoln, the Dear President."

WASHINGTON, *February* 12, 1866.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD—The "room for improvement."

Shooting Folly as it flies is, of course, a sportsman's work, but it is well to take an occasional shot at Wisdom as it struts.

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

You should never a donkey with caviar feed,
Nor cast forth your pearls before swine:
The one will love better a plain thistle weed,
And the other on offal to dine.

BALANCE OF EVILS.—"It is a painful thing," said Jones, who had been deceived, "to have pretended friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said Brown, "but that can happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."

A NEW CRY.

In England the question is, "Where are the Police?"
In Ireland it is, "Where's Stephens?"

A physician of Magdeburg, who has just died prematurely at the age of 109, has left it on record in his will that his longevity was due to his having always slept with his head to the north and his heels to the south, so that the magnetic current passed through him and increased his vitality.

Why is a church singing-book like a school-house?—Because it is full of little hims.

A FEW CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

The best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to any thing, trim a boat and a bonnet too.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light fails.

Are jury-masts regulated by the law of storms?

Are you wedded to your own opinions? Then never court inquiry.

Did you ever meet with a "maiden sword?" How well one would match with a single stick!

A gin-sling does not suit a broken arm.

It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest them.

How odd, yet how appropriate it would be, to go to a tournament in a tilt-cart!

Some people like to argue in a vicious circle; we prefer to talk in a virtuous square.

If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room.

What corresponds to an Archdeacon?—A cunning priest.

"Jane, has that surly fellow cleared off the snow from the pavement?" "Yes, Sir." "Did he clear it off with alacrity, Jane?" "No, Sir; with a shovel."

We have been asked the question, What material makes the best bed-comforter? Being inexperienced in such matters, we refer the querist to the Committee of the Hudson County Fair, who put it this way: "Best bed-comforter—Miss Jane Van Buskirk."

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—Two or three hundred young ash-trees have already been cut in Wicklow, on a plantation of Earl Fitzwilliam's at Shillelagh. Brisk business is in consequence to be looked for at the markets, and there will be a fine show of heads at Donnybrook. A rise in ash-saplings may be expected there, followed in most cases by a fall.

What comes after cheese?—Mouse.

Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths would do well as banks of deposit, but not notes of issue.

Why is a married man like a candle?—Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A smart young lawyer hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a Suing Machine."

JONES,
AS HE APPEARED WHEN BEING TOLD THAT HE WAS "SO DREADFULLY SATIRICAL."

A School Committee man writes: "We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

The Allies of Spain in her war against her South American Ex-dependencies—Block-ade and Rhodomont-ade.

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they never go off without a bow (beau), and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

On a fence in Berkshire is painted in glaring capitals, "Use Dr. Prior's Cough Balsam;" and just below, "Buy your grave-stones in Pittsfield."

EPITAPH ON A COQUETTE.

Fair as a rose, when first it smiles,
On the green earth—her pretty wiles—
In childhood shadowed gentlest worth,
But oh, how false all things of earth!
Sleep on, nor wake, we pray you, Anne,
Your guile has ended many a man;
Coquette you lived and flirt you died,
Death made you his unwilling bride.

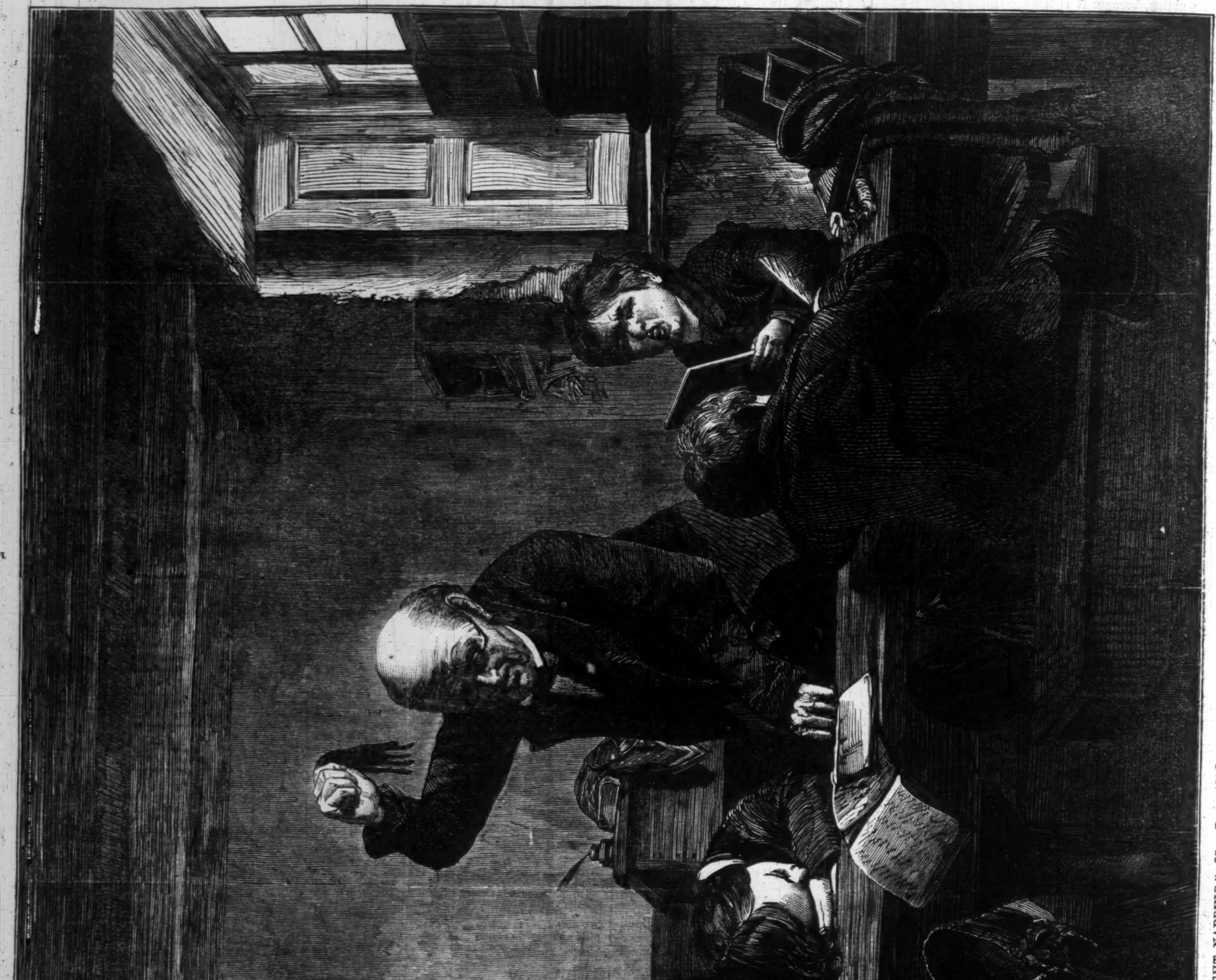
"Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, Sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost any thing in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly; just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

A good story is told of a country gentleman who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw! no," replied he; "why, the minister preached in his shirt-sleeves!"

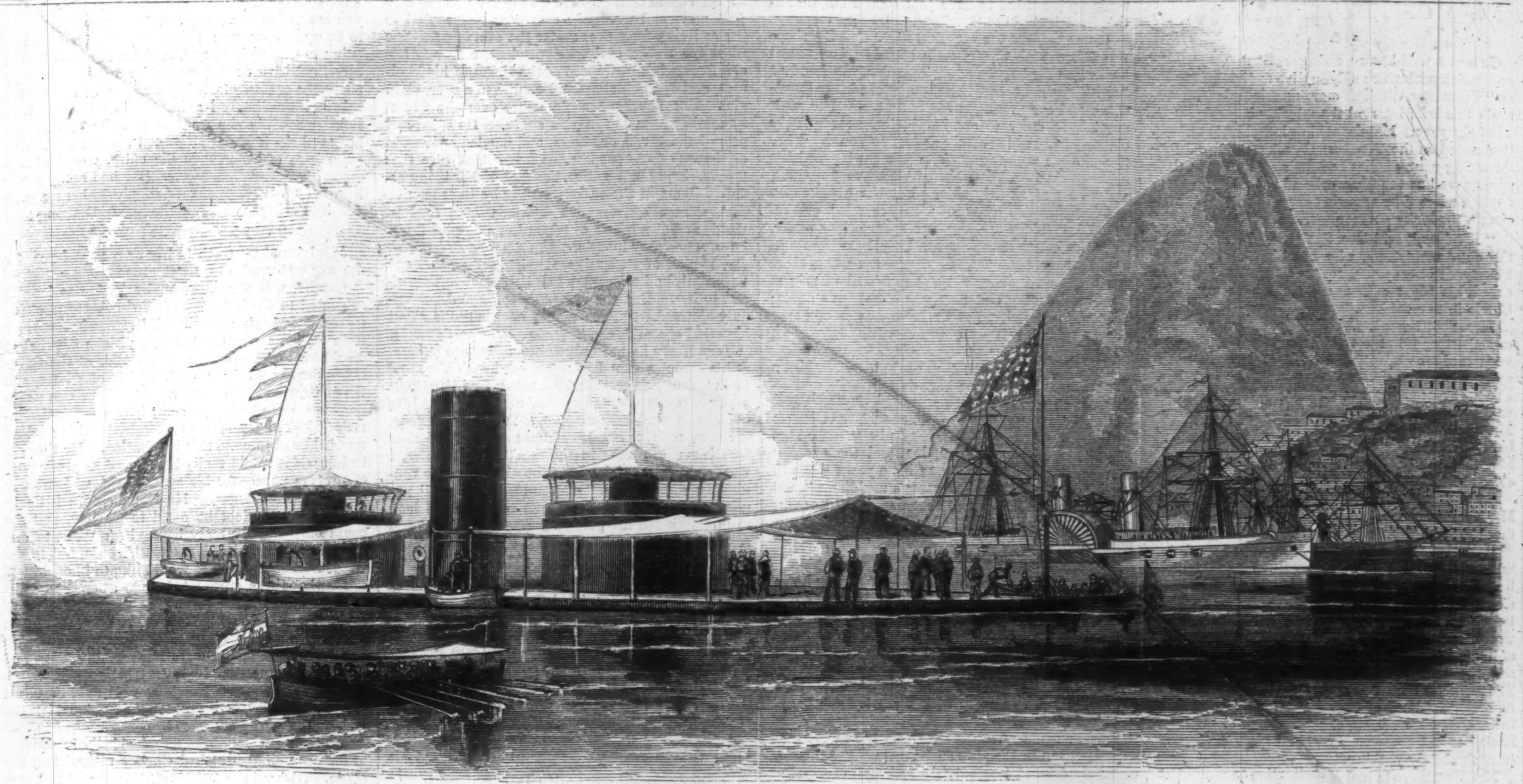
In a town in which they were building a railroad was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring store, kept by a Yankee, and asked for a "yard of pork." The Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs' feet and gave them to him. "Sure, is this what ye'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" "Yes, indeed; don't three feet make a yard?" The biter was bit.

AFTER THE BALL.
(REGINALD SLEEPS IN HIS FATHER'S BEDROOM.)

PAPA. "Why, how's this, Reginald? Not in Bed yet? It's nearly Four o'clock! You should have been asleep Hours ago!"
REGINALD. "Haw! And pray, *why me in particular*, Papa?"



"CAUGHT NAPPING."—[See Page 158.]



THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL VISITING THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD "MONADNOCK" IN THE HARBOR OF RIO.

VISIT OF DON PEDRO TO THE "MONADNOCK."

A LETTER from Rio Janeiro of January 9 thus describes a visit made to the United States iron-clad steamer *Monadnock* by DON PEDRO, the Brazilian Emperor:

"On the arrival of the imperial party the vessels of war and the forts belched forth a salute. It is unnecessary to state that in this the American war-vessels had the lion's share. His Majesty was accompanied by his son-in-law, the Conde d'Eu, and his officers of state and of his household. He was received by Commodore RODGERS and Lieutenant-Commander BUNCE, commanding the *Monadnock*.

"The Emperor passed around the vessel on deck, followed by his suite and courtiers. After this his Majesty inspected the interior of the two turrets, and listened with much attention to the explanation given him in regard to the turrets and the system of pointing the guns.

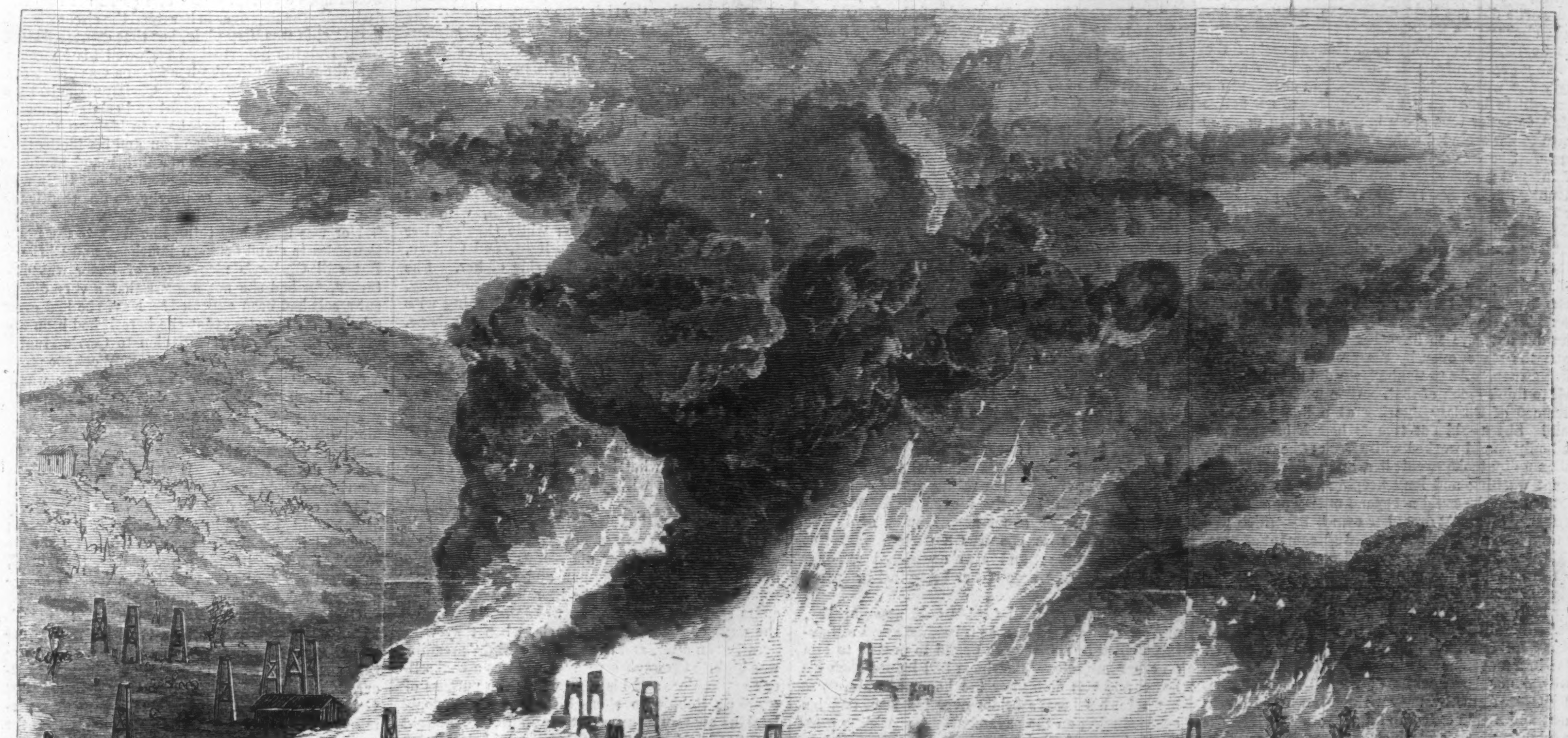
"After exploring the mysteries of the engine-room and lower deeps the imperial party partook of refreshments in the cabin of Captain BUNCE, when sentiments of respect between the two nations were interchanged. His Majesty and attendants left under another salvo of artillery, after a pleasant visit of about two hours. His Majesty expressed himself highly satisfied with his visit."

FIRE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

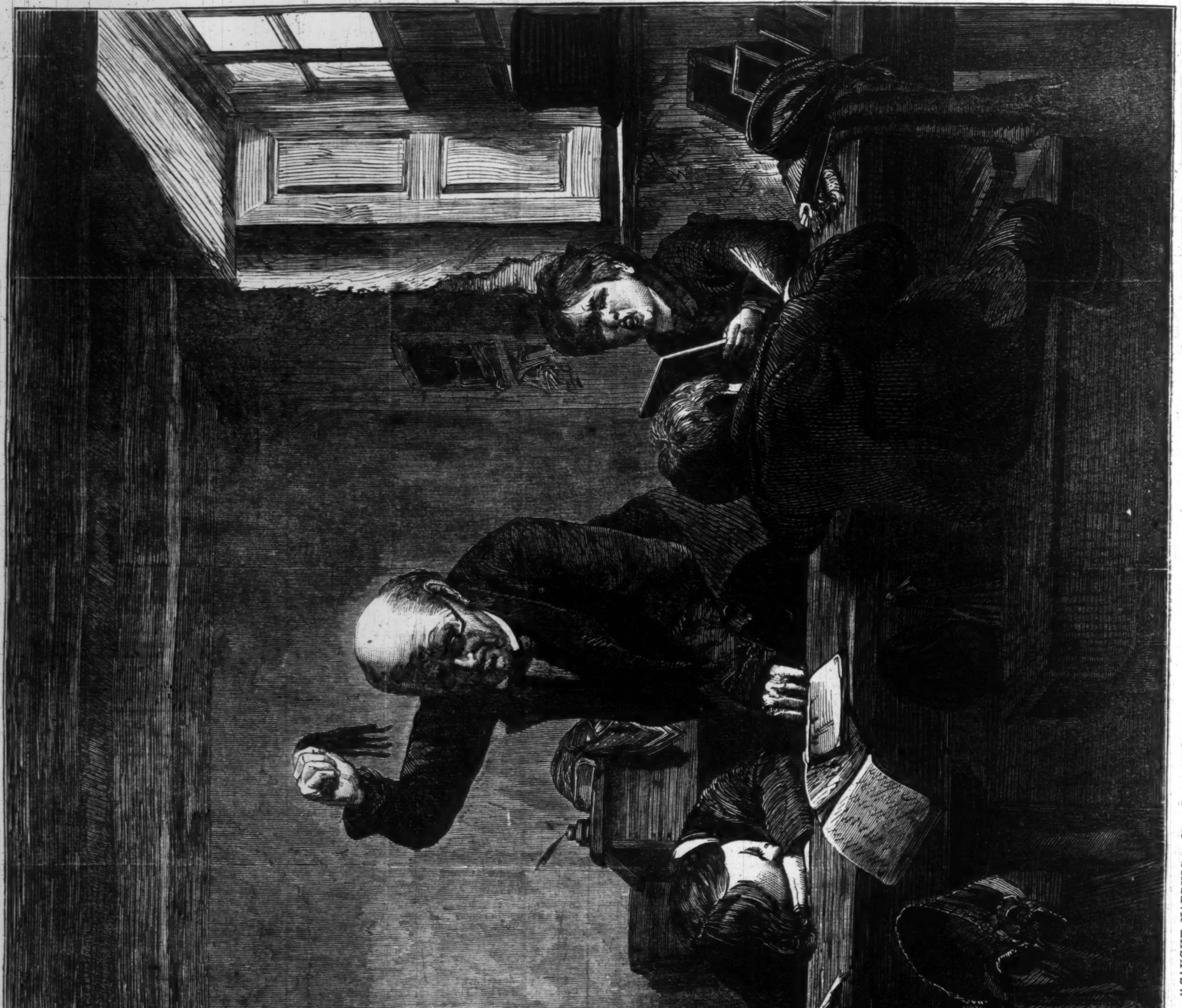
WE give on this page an illustration of the recent conflagration which occurred on Bennehof Run, Venango County, Pennsylvania, February 2. The fire originated from a spark from the smoke-stack of the Getty Well.

The scene of the conflagration was in the very heart of the oil regions, being a short distance north of the Hyde and Egbert Farm, on which is situated the Maple Shade Wells and the Coquette and Jersey Wells, which were at one time in great danger from the burning oil running down Oil Creek.

The progress of the fire was stayed at Well No. 29, partly because this well was not yet in operation, and partly from the persistency with which an Irish laborer, at the risk of his own life, poured water down the sides of the tank. At least half of the wells further up the creek were saved. It is supposed that the carpenters engaged about the Getty Well had been smoking, and thus originated the fire. So soon as the tanks burst the liquid flames rolled down the valley of the Run, licking up the water and every thing in its career. In half an hour from the first outbreak a stream of fire nearly half a mile in length extended down the stream, wrapping in flames no less than nine of the best wells on the Run, and several engine-houses and derricks were thus consumed. The bridges both on the railroad track and highway were generally burned. Burning pools of oil, trees fiery to their tops, mouldering masses of ruined machinery, twisted tank-hoops and blackened stumps, offices and hill-side tell the sad tale. Some of the wells destroyed produced from 200 to 250 barrels per day.



THE GREAT FIRE ON BENNEHOF RUN, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 31, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. GOODWIN.]



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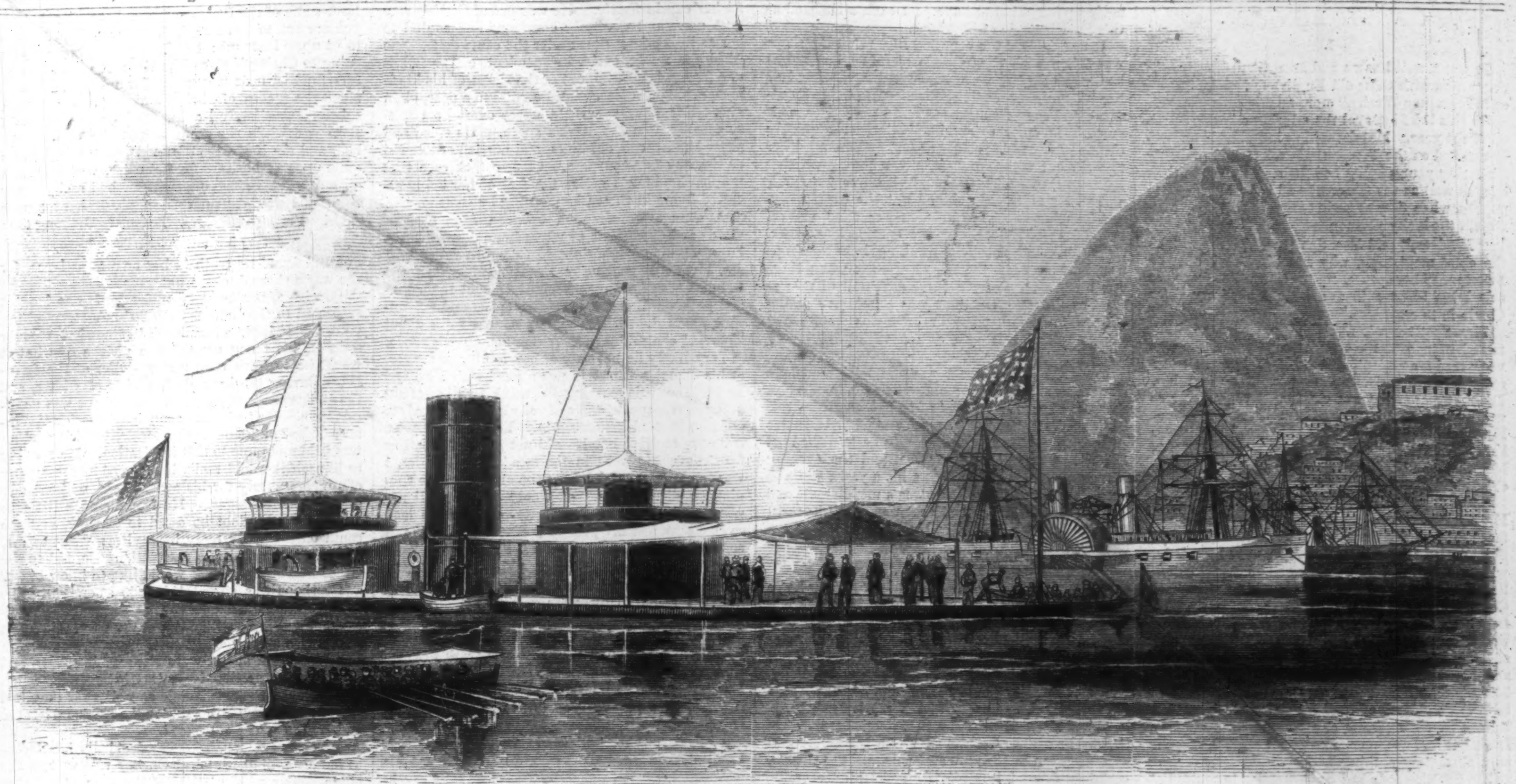

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THE GREAT FIRE ON BENNEHOF RUN, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, January 31, 1866.—[Sketched by W. W. Goodwin.]

CHRISSY HUNTER.

I.

It was a well-known and accredited fact that, in connection with those old English festivities known as "Yeomanry Weeks," more marriages were made up in this brief interval than during any other period of the year. Match-making individuals seriously counted on the Yeomanry Weeks; and probably far-seeing young ladies had fitting matches in their eye, as well as the fire-works and the introductory gayety, when they came in troops to Priorton to entertain the lucky yeomen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of the chief magistrate, who was likewise banker of Priorton, to her spouse, "your cousin Bourhope has asked his billet with us: I must have my sister Corrie in to meet him."

Mrs. Spottiswoode was a showy, smart, good-humored woman, but not over-scrupulous. She was very ready at adapting herself to circumstances even when the circumstances were against her. For that reason she was considered very clever as well as very affable among the matrons of Priorton. Mr. Spottiswoode was "slow and sure;" and it was because of the happy alliance of these qualities in him that the people of Priorton had elected him chief magistrate.

"My dear," deliberately observed long, lanky Mr. Spottiswoode, "would it not be rather barefaced to have Bourhope and Corrie here together?"

"Oh, I'll take care of that," answered the lady, with a laugh and a toss of her ribbons. "I shall have some other girl of my acquaintance to bear Corrie company—some worthy, out-of-the-way girl, to whom the visit will be like entering another world," continued Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a twinkle of her black eyes. "What do you think of Corrie and my cousin Chrissy Hunter of Blackfaulds? The Hunters have had such a deal of distress, and so much fighting with embarrassment—though I believe they are getting clearer now—that the poor lassie has had no amusement but her books, and has seen absolutely nothing."

Mr. Spottiswoode had no inclination to contradict his wife for contradiction's sake, and as he could rely on her prudence as on her other good qualities, he said: "Well, Agnes, I have no objection; Hunter of Blackfaulds is an honest man though he is poor, and he is righting himself now."

The invitations were dispatched, and accepted gracefully. The guests arrived before Bourhope occupied his quarters; ostensibly they came so soon in order to prepare for him. Corrie had nothing Roman about her except her name, Cornelia. She was a tall, well made, fair-faced, serene beauty, the sole remaining maiden daughter of a Scotchman who had returned from the Indies with a fortune, as so many returned then. Chrissy, again, was one of a large, struggling family—a small girl, a very little crooked in figure, and with irregular features and a brown complexion. If she had not possessed a bright, intelligent expression she would certainly have been plain—as indeed she was to those who did not heed expression. It was a delightful chance to her, this brief transplanting into the flourishing, cheerful town-house, amidst the glowing gayety of the Yeomanry Weeks. Accordingly she was constantly engaged in checking off every little detail on the finger-points of her active mind, in order that she might be able to describe them to her secluded sisters and her sick mother at home. She was determined not to miss one item of interest; never to sleep-in so as to lose the mount; never to stray in her walks and fail to be in the house for the return from the afternoon drill. She would pace the meadows among the gay promenaders even when the evening was cloudy, and would not care though she walked alone; she would enjoy the play when Mrs. Spottiswoode chose to take her, and not even object to a squeeze in the box. The squeeze was really part of the fun! But she did not care to have her attention distracted from the stage, even by the proffers of fruit from the yeomen. As to the ball, she did not allow herself to think much of that. Who would ever have dreamed of Chrissy figuring at a fine yeomanry ball! She would not trouble herself because she had only an old worked white frock of her mother's, taken up by tucks to suit her, and yellowed by frequent washing and long keeping; she would not fret because she could not spend money upon a hair-dresser. She must dress her own hair—which was scanty, like every other outward adornment of hers. This was little matter, she reflected, for it would not dress under the most skillful artist into those enormous bows on the crown of the head which every body then wore; it would only go into comb-curls like little hair-turrets on each side of her round, full forehead, which was by no means scanty. She had no ornaments in the way of jewelry, save a coral necklace; while Corrie had a set of amethysts—real amethysts—ear-rings, brooch, and necklace, and a gold cross, and a gold watch which she rarely wound up, and which was therefore, as Chrissy said, "a dead-alive affair." But Corrie was a beauty and an heiress, and ornaments became her person and position; while on Chrissy, as she herself admitted with great good sense, they would only have been thrown away.

Bourhope came with his fellows, and was specially introduced to Corrie and Chrissy. He had had some general acquaintance with both of them before. He gallantly expressed his pleasure at the prospect of having their society during his stay at Priorton. He was a farmer, whose father had made money at war prices. He had bought his own farm, and thus constituted his son a small laird. He had an independent bearing as well as an independent portion of the world's goods; he was really a manly fellow, in his brown, ruddy, curly, strapping comeliness. But, better still, was an intelligent fellow, who read other things than the newspapers, and relished them. He was a little conceited, no doubt, in consequence of comparing himself with others, but he had a good heart. Corrie and Chrissy both regarded him with scarcely concealed interest and admiration. Chrissy wished that the lads at home would grow up to be as comely and manly; Corrie made up her mind to have just such a husband as this Spottiswoode of Bourhope.

It was evident the very first night that Bourhope was taken with Corrie. He stared and stared at her, admiring her waxen complexion, the bend of her white throat, and the slope of her white shoulders; and even changed his seat at one time, as it seemed, in order to see her better. He quickly claimed her as his partner at loo, and engaged her to walk out with him to hear the band practicing next evening. Chrissy thought it all very natural, and all the more enjoyable. But she caught herself fancying Bourhope and Corrie married, and rebuked herself for carrying her speculations so far. Only she could not help thinking how Bourhope would weary after the marriage—say when there was a snow-storm, or a three-days' fall of rain at the farm-house. But that was Bourhope's affair; if he was pleased, what business was it of hers? Bourhope had this in common with Chrissy—he could entertain himself.

During the first three days of the week Bourhope was zealous in attaching himself to Corrie. But a sharp observer might have remarked that after this he flagged a little, taking more as matter of course and politeness the association he had established between her and him at tea, loo, and the evening promenade. He would even stifle a yawn while in Corrie's company, though he was a meddlesome and not a listless fellow. But that was only like men, to prize less what they had coveted when it was half won.

II.

At this juncture it struck Bourhope, riding home from the morning drill, to ask himself what could possibly take Chrissy Hunter out so early every morning. He had already seen her once or twice keeping out of the way of him and his companions, and returning again from the opposite end of Priorton, which was flanked by the doctor's house. Corrie, he noticed, was never with her. Indeed, Bourhope had a strong suspicion that Corrie retreated to her pillow again after showing him her lovely face—lovely even in the pink curl-papers. But Chrissy certainly dressed immediately and took a morning walk, by which her complexion, at least, did not profit. Not being a very strong little woman, her brown face was apt to look jaded and streaky when Bourhope, resting from the fatigues of his drill, lounged with the girls in the early forenoon in Mrs. Spottiswoode's drawing-room. So it was worth while, he thought, to spur up to Chrissy and inquire what took her abroad at such an untimely hour.

When Bourhope caught a nearer glimpse of Chrissy he was rather dismayed to see that she had been crying. Bourhope hated to see girls crying, particularly girls like Chrissy, to whom it was not becoming. He had no particular fancy for Cinderellas or other beggar maids. He would have hated to find that his kinsfolk and friendly host and hostess, for whom he had a considerable regard, were mean enough and base enough to maltreat a poor little guest of their own invitation. Notwithstanding these demurs Tom Spottiswoode of Bourhope rode so fast up to Chrissy as to cause her to give a violent start when she turned.

"Hallo! Do you go to market, Miss Chrissy, or what on earth takes you out in the town before the shutters are down?" pointing with his sheathed sword to a closed shop.

Chrissy was taken aback, and there was something slightly hysterical in her laugh, but she answered frankly enough, "I go to Dr. Stark's, Mr. Spottiswoode. Dr. Stark attends my mother, and is at Blackfaulds every day. I wait in his laboratory till he comes there before setting out: he goes his rounds early, you know. He lets me know how mother was yesterday, and as he is a kind man he carries our letters—Maggie and Arabella and I are great writers, and postage comes to be expensive—a great deal too expensive for us at Blackfaulds; but the doctor is a kind man and he 'favors' our letters. And Mr. Spottiswoode," she said, warming with her subject, and impelled to a bit of confidence, "do you know, Dr. Stark thinks my mother will be about again in a few months. You are aware her knee-joint has been affected. We were even afraid she would never put down her foot again. It would have been a dreadful trial to all of us." Chrissy spoke simply, in a rather moved voice.

Bourhope was slightly moved, too. He had never heard much about Mrs. Hunter of Blackfaulds, except that she was a woman who had been long ailing; and also occasional remarks about the consequences of her being lost or spared to her family.

Chrissy was grateful for his evident sympathy, and gratified by it; but, as if half ashamed of having elicited it, she at once began to prattle to him on other subjects. Bourhope had leaped from his horse, and was doing her the honor of walking at her side, his beast's bridle over his arm, and his spurs ringing on the pavement. A sparkling prattle that was of Chrissy's, about the fine morning, the town, and the yeomanry—few topics, but well handled and brilliantly illustrated. Bourhope dared to confess to himself how sorry he was when he reached Mr. Spottiswoode's door.

Next morning Bourhope detached himself from his comrades when he approached the town, and looked narrowly for Chrissy. It would be but civil to inquire for poor Mrs. Hunter. So bent was he on being thus civil that though Chrissy was far in advance he knew her by the pink gingham trimming of her morning bonnet, fluttering like rose-leaves in the morning sun. He came up to her, and politely asked after her mother. Chrissy was a little confused, but she answered pleasantly enough. She was not nearly so talkative, however, as on the preceding morning, though Bourhope made witty comments on the letter she held in her hand, and pertinaciously insisted on her telling him whether she mentioned him in her return letters! He reminded her that they were cousins in a way. This was the first time Chrissy had known of any one hunting up a relationship with her, and though pleased in her humility—Chrissy was no fool in that humility of hers—Bourhope she knew was destined for her cousin Corrie. He was out of Corrie's way just now, and was only courteous and cordial to her as living for a time under the same roof. She liked the ruddy, curly, independent, clever fellow of a farmer laird who, out of the riches of his kindness, could be courteous and cordial to a poor, plain girl. But Bourhope could never overtake Chrissy coming from Dr. Stark's again. He spied and peeped and threw out hints, and hurried or loitered on the way to no purpose. Chrissy took care that people should not notice the fact of her being escorted home in the early morning by Bourhope.

A chance conversation between Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie was overheard one day by Bourhope, when they imagined him deep in *Blackwood*. Mr. Hunter of Redcraigs, Corrie's father, had not been well, and a message had been sent to that effect to her. But she was philosophic and not unduly alarmed. "Papa makes such a work about himself," she said, candidly, to Mrs. Spottiswoode. "Very likely he has only taken lobster to supper, or his Jamaica rum has not agreed with him, and he is bilious this morning. I think I will send out a box of colocynth, and a bit of nice tender veal, to put him in good-humor again. You know, Agnes, if I were to drive out I could not get back in time for the evening walk in the meadows. Besides, I was to see Miss Aikin about the change in the running on of my frills. It would overturn all my plans to go; and my head gets so hot, and I look so blowsy when my plans are disarranged," Corrie concluded, almost piteously.

"Yes; but, Corrie," hesitated Mrs. Spottiswoode, "you know Dr. Stark is not easy about papa just now. I think I had better go out myself. It is unlucky that Spottiswoode is to have several yeomen, who do business at the bank, at dinner to-day with Bourhope; but I dare say Mary will manage that, as Chrissy will mix the pudding for her. So I will go myself to Redcraigs; all things considered, it would be a pity for you not to be in your best looks—"

Bourhope, at this point, fell into a fit of coughing, and lost the rest of the dialogue; but perhaps his occasional snort of disapprobation was called forth as much by this interlude as by the audacious judgments of the Shepherd and Tickler.

The day unluckily turned out very rainy, and the drill was gone through in a dense white mist which caused every horse to loom large as an elephant, and every rider to look a Gog or Magog. The young ladies, so fond of a change of costume at this time in Priorton, could do no shopping; the walk in the meadows at sunset with the lounging yeomen had to be given up. The green meadows were not inviting, the grass was dripping, the flowers closed and heavy, and the river red and drumly. All was disappointing, for the meadows were beautiful at this season with their summer snow of daisies—not dead-white snow either, for it was broken by patches of yellow butter-cups, crow's-foot, lady's finger, and vetch, and by the crimson clover flowers, and the rusty red of sorrel, and the black pert heads of the nib-wort plantain, whose black upon the white of ox-eye daisies has the rich tone of ermine.

Instead of walks there were gatherings round shining tables; and bottles and glasses clinked cheerily in many a parlor. But Mr. Spottiswoode was sober by inclination. The impressiveness of office, which had quite the contrary effect on many provosts of his era, only added to his characteristic caution. The yeomen, too, knew well where hilarity ended and excess began. So there was little fear of excess in Mr. Spottiswoode's house. Mrs. Spottiswoode, a genius in her own line, had a cheerful fire in her drawing-room, and sat by the hearth, with her children tumbling round her; while Corrie, fairer than ever in the blinking fire-light, and Chrissy, brown and merry, sat on either side of her. She invited the farmer laird to enter that charmed ring, which of course he could not help contrasting with the loneliness and comfortlessness of Bourhope. But though he sat next Corrie, a certain coldness crept over the well-arranged party. He caught himself glancing curiously at the book Chrissy Hunter had been almost burning her face reading by the fire-light before he came in. Mrs. Spottiswoode did not much care for reading aloud, but she took the hint in good part, and called on Chrissy to tell what her book was about, and so divert Bourhope, without wholly monopolizing his attention.

Chrissy was rather shy at first. She never told stories freely away from home; but she was now pressed to do it. After a little, however, she put her own sympathetic humor and pathos into the wondrous narrative, till she literally held her listeners spell-bound. And no wonder. Those were the days of Scott's early novels, when they were greatly run after, and the price of a night's reading was high. Chrissy's cousin "Rob" was a bookseller's apprentice, and his master, for the purpose of enabling Robbie to share his enthusiasm, would lend the apprentice an uncut copy. Robbie brought it out to Blackfaulds, and then all would sit up, sick mother among the rest, to hear it read aloud, till far into the small hours.

Who can tell what that cordial of pure healthful intellectual diversion may have been even to the burdened father and sick mother of Blackfaulds, and to Chrissy! The very speaking of it made her clasp her hands over her knee, and her gray eyes to shine out like stars—as Bourhope thought to himself.

The assembly paid Chrissy the highest compliment an assembly can pay a speaker. They forgot their schemes, their anxieties, themselves even, to fasten their eyes and hearts on the brown girl—the book dropping from her hand, but the story written so graphically on her memory. Corrie was the first to recover herself. "Oh dear!" she cried, "I forgot I was to take down my hair for Miss Lothian to point it at eight o'clock"—and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Spottiswoode roused herself next, and spoke a few words of acknowledgment to Chrissy. "Upon my word, Chrissy, your recital has been quite as good as the play. We are much obliged to you. I am afraid your throat must be sore; but stay, I have some of the theatre oranges here. No, bairns, you are not to have any; it is far too late for you to be up. Dear me; I believe you have been listening to Chrissy's story like the rest of us!" But Mrs. Spottiswoode was not under any apprehension about the success of Chrissy's reading. She proved this by immediately leaving Chrissy *tête-à-tête* with Bourhope while she went to put the children to bed, and see if Mr. Spottiswoode, who was doing a quiet turn of business in his office, would have a game of cards before supper. She had really never heard of a girl being married simply for her tongue's sake! Perhaps she knew the line in the song too:

"Very few marry for talking,"

and had found its truth in her own experience, for she was a shrewd, observant woman.

Bourhope, it should be understood, was longest subjected to the influence of Chrissy's story-telling power. Indeed, when he did somewhat recover from it, his fancy created fine visions of what it would be to have such a story-teller at the farm-house during the long, dark nights of winter, and the endless days of summer. Bourhope was no ignoramus. He had some acquaintance with "Winter's Tales" and summer pastorals, but his reading was bald and tame to this inspiration. He thought to himself it would really be as good as a company of players purely for his own behoof, without any of the disadvantages. He stammered a little in expressing the debt he owed to Chrissy, and she could only eagerly reply by saying: "Not to me, not to me the praise, Mr. Spottiswoode, but to the Great Unknown. Oh, I would like to know him!"

Bourhope was stimulated to do at once what he was sure to do ultimately—he presented his hospitable entertainers with a box at the play. No doubt this was a great delight to Chrissy, for it was in the days when actors were respectable artists, and play-going was still universal. Chrissy in her freshness enjoyed the provincials as well as if they had been first-rate performers, took the good and left the bad, and sat quite entranced.

Bourhope, although he was decidedly intellectual for his calling, watched Chrissy rather than the stage. He read the feeling of the moment reflected in her sagacious yet sensitive face. Once he turned round and tried the same experiment with Corrie. He might as well have expected to borrow a living soul from well-moulded stucco or marble. He now realized in a more lively manner than ever that geese may look as fair and white, and soft and shapely as swans till they expose their waddling. He tried in church the process he had learned at the play, and, it must be confessed, not without effect, Chrissy's expression giving a fair notion of the good Priorton minister's earnestness and eloquence.

But at length Chrissy, aware of the liberty Bourhope took in thus making her his study, got restless and troubled in her sound head and warm heart. She was no fool in her simplicity. She knew that Bourhope did not in any sense belong to Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie, and she had shrewdly suspected of late that their anticipated projects would not be carried out. She could not help occasionally turning over in her mind the circumstance that Cecilia was very plain, but that depressed Mortimer Delville nevertheless bestowed his heart on her, though the gift like her fortune was disastrous to her for many a long day. Chrissy thought that if Bourhope were independent and original enough to like her—to love her—he was his own master, there was nothing between him and his inclination save her inclination and her father and mother's will. And there was little doubt about their will with respect to a man so worthy, so unexceptionable, and so well endowed as Bourhope.

Nor was there any thing like duty to the Spottiswoodes to stand between Bourhope and Chrissy. But still Chrissy's nice sense of honor was disturbed, for had she not a guess that a very different result had been expected? Nay, she had even a half-comical notion that she herself had been expressly selected as a companion to Corrie Hunter during the gayeties of the Yeomanry Weeks to prove a sort of harmless foil. A dream of love was a grand shock to Chrissy's quiet life, making wild yet plaintive music, like all nature's true harmonies, within her; and filling her mind with tremulous light which glorified every object, and was fain even to dazzle herself. It was not unnatural that Bourhope should excite such a dream. But Chrissy was not completely dazzled. It was only a dream as yet, and she would be the mistress of her dream; it should not be the mistress of her. So she resolved, showing herself a reasonable, thoughtful, conscientious woman, as well as a loving, fairly-proportioned, and lovely human spirit.

Chrissy retained all her sober senses. She recollected what was due both to the hero and to the others concerned. She was neither a weak victim, nor a headstrong, arrogant, malicious conqueror. Like all genuine women, she struggled against yielding herself without her due—without a certainty that there was no irreversible mistake in the matter. She was not a girl to get love-sick at the first bout, nor one to run even at a worthy lover's beckoning, though she would sacrifice much, and do it proudly, joyously, for true affection, when once it had confessed itself. So she shrank from Bourhope, slipped away from him, and managed to avoid him. He was puzzled and vexed and almost exasperated by doubts as to whether she cared for or wished to accept his notice and regards. Little brown Chrissy taught the bold yeoman a lesson in her own quiet way. She slowly forced upon him the conviction that any gifts or attainments of his—the prosperous, cultivated farmer-laird—were as dross compared with the genius and acquirements of Chrissy Hunter, whom many short-sighted men called insignificant and plain amidst the poverty and cares of Blackfaulds. Bourhope was not radically mercenary; he had no certainty that his superiority in worldly estate would secure the strange good upon which he set his heart, and he was at once stimulated and incensed by her indifference to his advances. So he had no communication with Chrissy, apart from a demure interchange of words in general conversation, for three days before the grand review and the

ball, except in a single incident touching the pipe-claying of his belts.

The gentlemen of the old yeomanry who had not servants to do it for them, did their own pipe-claying, and might generally be seen doing it very indifferently to the accompaniment of private whistling, or social bawling to each other over adjacent walls, in the back courts and greens of Priorton. Bourhope was one day doing his rather gloomily in the back court, and succeeding very ill, when Chrissy, who saw him from a window, could endure it no longer. Chrissy was not what most intellectual women are described as being—an abstracted, scared being, with two left hands. The exigency of her situation as eldest daughter at Blackfaulds had rendered her as handy as other girls, and only unlike them in being a great deal more fertile in resource. How could such a woman stand and see Bourhope destroying his accoutrements, and in danger of smearing himself from head to foot with pipe-clay? She therefore came tripping out, and addressed him with some sharpness: "That is not right, Mr. Spottiswoode; you will never whiten your belt in that way; you will only soil the rest of your clothes. I watched the old sergeant doing it next door for Major Christison. Look here"—and she took the article out of his hands and proceeded smartly to clean it. Poor Bourhope bowed to her empire, though he would much rather their positions had been reversed; he would rather a thousand times have brushed Chrissy's shoes than that she should clean his belts. She was gone again the moment she had directed him. A portion of his belt was now as white as snow; but nothing would have induced her to stay.

Bourhope was new to the humiliations as well as the triumphs of love—that extreme ordeal through which even tolerably wise and sincere spirits must pass before they can unite in a strictness of union deserving the name. He was not exactly grateful for the good suggestion; indeed, he had a little fight against Chrissy in his own breast just then. He told himself it was all a whim; he did not really care for the girl, one of a large family in embarrassed circumstances. No; it would be absurd to fall in love with a little coffee-colored girl, one of whose shoulders was a fraction of an inch farther out than the other. He was not compelled to marry either Corrie or Chrissy—not he! Pooh! he was not yet half through with his bachelor days. He would look about a little longer, enjoy himself a little more. At the word enjoyment Bourhope stopped short, as if he had caught himself tripping. If Chrissy Hunter was ugly, she was an ugly fairy. She was his fate indeed; he would never see her like again, and he would be a lost and wrecked man without her.

III.

THE review and the ball were still in store. Bourhope would not be beaten with that double shot in reserve. It would go hard with the brown, curly, independent laird if he were beaten, for already he was shaken more in his pride and confidence than he had ever thought to be.

The review, for which all the drilling had been undertaken, went off without serious effect on the contesting parties. The only thing was, that Bourhope was so disturbed and so distracted in his mind that he could not attend to orders, and thus lost his character as a yeoman and all chance of being future fugleman to his corps. And this, although the Major had said, when the drills began, that there was not a finer man or a more promising dragoon in the regiment than Bourhope.

Chrissy's bright, tranquil satisfaction in contemplating from the box of Mrs. Spottiswoode's phaeton the stand of county ladies, with their gorgeousness and grace, was decidedly impaired. The review, with its tramping and halting, its squares and files, its shouting leaders, galloping aids-de-camp, flashing swords and waving plumes, was certainly very fine. All the rest of Priorton said so and proved so, for they stood or sat for a whole day witnessing it, under a scorching sun, on foot and in every description of vehicle from a corn cart to a coroneted carriage. Yes, the review was very fine to the mass; but it was a confused, hollow, agitating play to Chrissy as to Bourhope. Still she lost sight of the grand, general rank and file by concentrating her regard on one little scarlet dot. It was to her a play with its heart awanting, and yet the whirl and movement were welcome for a moment as substitutes for that heart.

The ball remained, and Bourhope was resolute it should settle the question for him. It was the commendable fashion at Priorton that no young lady should refuse to dance with an acquaintance without the excuse of a previous engagement, under the penalty of having to sit during the rest of the night. Bourhope would get Chrissy to himself that night (balls were of some use after all, he thought), and have an opportunity of hearing a terribly decisive word, and of getting a reason for that word too, should it prove unfavorable. In short, he would storm the fortress and beat down its faltering guard then or never.

Others besides Bourhope had determined on making the ball a theatre of explanations. Mrs. Spottiswoode was not pleased with the aspect of things as between Bourhope and Corrie. Their affair made no advance, and the ball was the conclusion of the Yeomanry Weeks. The yeomen were already, to all intents and purposes, disbanded, and about to return, like Cincinnatus, to their reaping-hooks. Corrie was evidently not contented. She was listless and a little peevish, unless when in the company of other yeomen than Bourhope—a rare thing with Corrie, who was really a very harmless girl. But she looked elegant in her ball-dress, and had always a train of admirers on such occasions. And then, of course, many men needed the spur of jealousy to induce them to take the bold leap of matrimony. Chrissy, too, had her own fears and doubts about this ball. Bourhope hitherto had only pursued her, if he had pursued her, in rather a secret manner. She would now see how he would treat her on a public occasion. His conduct would then be marked and conspicuous, and even Mrs. Spottiswoode's and Corrie's eyes would be opened to it. Then, again, he would have an opportunity of contrasting her personally with all the girls about Priorton. Chrissy gazed wistfully into the glass, as she fastened her yellowed scrimp old white frock and sighed. But she did not look so much amiss as she supposed: she was young, slight, and full of subtle character. And with her scarlet coral beads twisted among her dark little turret curls and bows, there was piquancy and attraction in her. But her first purely disinterested and unbounded pleasure in the gayety was grievously checkered; and it was to be feared the account she would carry home of her first ball to expectant Blackfaulds would be disappointing.

There were only two chaises in repair in Priorton to convey the whole town's-people in rotation to the ball. It was thus unavoidable that some should be very early as well as some very late. Mr. Spottiswoode, as provost, was of course among the first after the Colonel and his lady—old country people, who stood arm in arm, bluff and bland, under the evergreens over the door, and shook hands with every body, great and small—a family of pretty girls, meanwhile, laughing behind them.

Mrs. Spottiswoode wore a splendid bunch of white feathers tipped with straw color in her blue gauze turban. Even Chrissy's dazed eyes noticed that, as well as the white ribbon in Provost Spottiswoode's bottle-green coat, which pointed him out an honorary steward. But how handsome brown curly Bourhope looked in his red coat!

A strange thought came over Chrissy. She did not wish Corrie, in her white crape and French ribbons, and so tall and straight and fair, to be blighted in her beauty. No, not for a moment. But Chrissy was cruel enough to cherish a passing wish that, by some instantaneous transformation, Bourhope might be pitted with small-pox, or scarred with gunpowder, or have premature age brought upon him as with the wave of a wand—the soul within being left unchanged, however.

Mrs. Spottiswoode thought Bourhope looked as if he were going to do something desperate. His first blunder had been to hand, or rather lift, Chrissy into the chaise, instead of Corrie, at starting from their own door. He repeated the unaccountable blunder at the County Rooms, which compelled him to take Chrissy into the ball-room; and while Chrissy was still gazing in bewilderment and admiration at the evergreens, and chalked floors, and laughing couples, Mrs. Spottiswoode could scarcely believe her ears when she distinctly heard Bourhope ask Chrissy's hand for the first dance, saying that he would have engaged it before if he had got the opportunity.

Now Mrs. Spottiswoode had no doubt that Bourhope would solicit her sister Corrie for this dance, and therefore she had peremptorily forbidden Corrie to engage herself in any other quarter, even when Corrie had demurred at the certainty of the arrangement. It was very odd of Bourhope, unless he thought Chrissy would have no chance of any other partner, and wanted to spare a plain little girl's mortification at the very commencement of the evening. "That must be it," Mrs. Spottiswoode said to herself, and was consoled by Corrie's hand being immediately requested for the Colonel's nephew.

The Colonel's wife opened the ball with the most popular and oldest private for partner, and of course Chrissy and Bourhope stood below Corrie and the Colonel's nephew. But Bourhope and Chrissy did not mind Corrie's precedence, and were talking to each other quite intimately. Bourhope was forgetting the figure and bending across to Chrissy, though he was saying nothing particular and speaking out quite loud. But he looked engrossed and excited. If it had been any other girl than Chrissy Mrs. Spottiswoode would have called it a flirtation, and more than a flirtation. Chrissy looked well in her shabby dress, almost pretty, indeed, in the new atmosphere. Mrs. Spottiswoode was aggrieved, disgusted in the first instance, but she would not just yet believe such an incredible contradiction to her well-laid scheme. Match-making involves many parties, there are such numerous wheels within wheels of calculation and resource. She glanced at Corrie, who was dancing very complacently with the Colonel's nephew, and exchanging passing words with yeomen who tried to get speech with her. In her white crape and teeth as white, and her dimples, she was safe, heart-whole, and prosperous, a beauty who might pick and choose a suitable husband, even though infatuated Bourhope should throw himself away.

Mrs. Spottiswoode gave a sigh of relief. Failure now would only be comparative.

The dance being over, Bourhope sat down beside Chrissy. No, she turned her head the other way, and he rose up and strolled through the room. But he was soon back in his old place.

He wanted to dance with Chrissy again. She hesitated, grew nervous, and cast her eyes on Mrs. Spottiswoode. He went straight across to their hostess and said, "Mrs. Spottiswoode, you have no objection that I dance this dance again with Miss Chrissy Hunter?"

"None in the world, Bourhope," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a spasmodic smile; "why should I?"

"Why, indeed," he returned; "or every dance? May I tell her so?"

"That is as she and you may agree. You are aware that would appear something serious," she said, trying to laugh.

"I will take the consequences," he significantly assured her, and went back and told Chrissy so; and then he drove her to her inmost citadel and beat her there.

Other eyes than Mrs. Spottiswoode's were attracted to the pair. Half a dozen matrons' heads went wagging significantly; girls whispered and tittered: gentlemen opened their eyes, shaped their mouths as if about to whistle, strolled up and took their observations of the preoccupied, unconscious couple quite coolly, and then speculated and gossiped.

Mrs. Spottiswoode read these comments as well as what had gone before, and was ready with her magnanimity. It was this which constituted her a truly able tactician. She shifted her tack before the shout of malicious exultation and ridicule could have been raised at her discomfiture. By a dextrous sleight of hand she shuffled her cards and altered her suit. In a moment Mrs. Spottiswoode was winking and nodding with the matrons interested in the news of the night. She arrested a good-humored yeoman, and crossed the room on his arm, to express and receive congratulations. "You have found out the secret? Foolish fellow, Bourhope: he can not conceal his feelings, though their display is premature. I must scold him for exposing himself and her. Poor dear! She is not accustomed to this sort of thing. But I am so delighted—so nice, isn't it? Such an excellent marriage for my cousin Chrissy: a good girl, a very clever girl: such a fortunate beginning for the Blackfaulds family. I often say the first marriage makes or mars a family of girls. It is so lucky that I invited Chrissy for the Yeomanry Weeks this summer. It is a great deal better than if it had been Corrie, because Corrie can wait," with a careless wave of her hand in the direction in which Corrie moved, deliberately followed by her train. "Corrie has too many admirers to make up her mind speedily, yet she takes it all very quietly. But this is so appropriate, Mr. Spottiswoode's cousin and my cousin—nobody could have planned it better."

She turned round and heard a blunt booby of a farmer speaking out his mind. She at once took him up: "You would not have thought it? You can not comprehend what has come over Bourhope, or what he sees in that thin yellow mite, Miss Hunter of Blackfaulds, even though she were as good as a saint, and as wise as the Queen of Sheba? Oh! come, Balquin, you do not allow sufficient latitude to goodness and cleverness. I tell you Bourhope has neither eyes nor ears for any body but that mite; he counts his colorless daisy far before the gayest painted face. He knows that we are remarking on them now, and he is holding his head as high as if he had sought and won a queen. He is right; she will prove a sensible, cheerful wife to him. Bourhope will have the cleverest, best wife in the county for all your swaggering. And that is something when a man comes to be old, and has an old wife, like me. Not old! Balquin? away with you. I wish the Provost heard you. Do you think to flatter me because I am in spirits about my cousin's match? No, it is not lost a friend gets, Balquin."

The public of Priorton did not know whether most to admire Mrs. Spottiswoode's diplomacy or this rare instance of poetic justice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK abounds in tragedy. But there is no need for the lovers of the fearful and mysterious to frequent theatres to obtain a knowledge of it. There is many a terrible drama enacted on the stage of life in our very midst from day to day. True, the glittering lights, the gay dresses, the picturesque scenery, the tuneful orchestra, and the brilliant, applauding audience are wanting. In secrecy and darkness are the real tragedies usually wrought out. But they are speedily brought to light, and the columns of our daily journals spread the deeds of darkness open to the world. In glancing over any newspaper of last week the eye was fastened by "Tragedy in Beaver Street;" "Tragedy in Thirty-fifth Street;" "Tragedy in Forty-seventh Street;" and other headings of a similar nature.

The shocking affair which occurred in Forty-seventh Street is still, at this writing, shrouded in mystery. One evening a man, returning from his work, found in his little shanty, lying dead upon the bed, three little children, the eldest only six years old, and the mother by the bedside in an unconscious state. The children were all neatly dressed, with their hair brushed, and they arranged side by side in bed according to their ages. Whether the wretched mother murdered the innocents, and then attempted suicide, or whether some less fearful explanation of this mysterious event will be developed when the woman recovers her consciousness sufficiently to be examined, is yet unknown.

No April could be more fickle than has February been. All the alternations of cold and warm, wet and dry, snow and rain, ice and mud, wind and calm, have succeeded each other in wonderfully rapid succession. We have had some fine spring-like days, undisturbed by cloud or shower, save in Broadway, where a tornado—sometimes dangerous—of fair sight-seers swept steadily downward from "early dawn to dewy eve." The new spring goods, which are so fresh and pretty, are the great attraction. Prints and brilliants, lawns and muslins, baréges and grenadines, must soon take the place of heavier materials. Washington's birthday brought with it charming weather, and it being a legal holiday, every body enjoyed it to the very uttermost.

Those of our readers who are not so fortunate as to have access to all the New York daily papers will be amused by an extract or two from a spirited account of a recent reception to General Grant by some citizens of New York, at which a portrait of General Scott was presented to him:

"Since Richmond capitulated, and his trusty sword was put away in the family wardrobe, that stern soldier [General Grant] has passed his days, and eke his nights, in conjugation the transitive verb *to receive*, in all its moods and tenses, but always in the first person singular active or passive. As thus:

I receive	Committees.
I did receive	A House.
I shall receive	Speeches.
I have received	Presentation Volumes.
I may receive	Swords.
I must receive	Bores.
I might, could, would, or should receive	Freedom.

Passive Form.

I am received by	Cities.
I was received by	Assemblies.
I shall be received by	Clubs.
I have been received by	Fossils.
I may be received by	Senates.
I must be received by	Mayors.
I might, could, would, or should be received by	Nobody.

"It is said that the delightful family mansion presented to General Grant by the excellent citizens of Philadelphia is become such a museum of trophies that there is no room therein for the domestic circle, their Lares and Penates. The drawing-room is reputed a storehouse of patent saddles, cavalry boots, afghans, photographs, swords, medals, books, camp-chests, cloths, ice-pitchers, Champagne-baskets, gold-headed canes, wax fruits, breakfast-knives, and cigar-boxes, which have been given to the Commander-in-Chief by his ardent admirers.

"When thirty rich and loyal citizens of New York, therefore, felt that their loyalty and their wealth must find expression in the portrait of a hero of the past, they felt also that that commemorative canvas must be bestowed upon the hero of the present. That patient man sighed once, glanced at his crowded walls, descried one possible back-ground for the picture, and signified his eagerness to receive it."

Nevertheless, the whole affair was very successful, and passed off to the apparent satisfaction and pleasure of all concerned. General Grant, in his characteristically brief reply to the donors, assured them that the portrait of one who has rendered such vast service to the Republic, and whose services have continued through so many years, possessed a peculiar value to him.

A worthy gentleman of this city, who has been often excessively annoyed by beggars coming to his counting-room, was the other day besieged in the usual way by a decent-looking emigrant from the Emerald Isle. The reiterated "Nothing for you, my good woman," produced no effect. The applicant persisted.

"Can't you give me two cents?"

"Why yes," returned the merchant slowly, "I suppose I can give you two cents," and he drew a couple of pennies from his pocket and laid them on the table. "But is that *enough?*"

"Well, an' if you please to give me two cents more would be better."

The merchant placed two more pennies on the table.

"And is *that* enough?" he asked.

"Well, an' sure I won't stint you," replied the woman, magnanimously.

Two additional coppers brought down a shower of blessings on the donor's head.

"Oh! you are going to pray for me, are you?" said the gentleman. "Then I must give you three pennies more;" and they were laid on the table.

"May the blessing of God attend ye!" adjured the woman. "And what might be your name?"

"William," was the reply.

"William—but an' please ye, Sir, the other name, what is it?"

"Oh, no matter about the other name—William is enough. You just say William and God will understand."

We suppose the woman retired satisfied.

Lazy scoundrels in New York make use of sundry devices for getting money on a small scale without earning it. A few weeks ago a Wall Street lawyer was applied to by a man, whom he knew slightly, to advise him about some petty business. The lawyer took him to his office, but finding other business awaiting him there, introduced the man to his partner, Mr. X——, to attend to the details of the matter. After a few moments' conversation the new client departed ostensibly to obtain some minus papers. Presently, however, he returned in haste.

"Mr. X——, did I drop a five-dollar bill here?"

"No, I think not," said Mr. X——; "I have seen none." And a fruitless search was made.

"Well, I have lost it somewhere," remarked the man, moving toward the door; but returning, as if with a second thought,

"If you will just lend me a V, I can finish up this business without going up town."

Mr. X—— thought he "smelt a rat;" but remembering he had fortunately just emptied his porte-monnie, instantly took it out of his pocket, saying,

"With pleasure, Sir—but really—I have not a five with me."

When up stepped a well-meaning clerk with, "Here's a bill, Mr. X——"

"It may all be right," thought Mr. X——, "since my partner knows him." And the anxious client departed with the money.

He has not been heard from since; and has probably put his business into the hands of other lawyers—in a similar manner.

Americans, be they ever so eccentric or self-willed, may follow their own inclinations in matters of dress. But no such liberty has not always been given in all countries. In the reign of Henry IV. no person of lower rank than a knight was permitted to wear any cloth of gold or velvet, or to wear a robe long enough to reach the ground. Large sleeves, also, were strictly forbidden. If a lady wore a "dress or petticoat of silk, or any velvet in her kirtle," or "any chain of gold about her neck, or upon any part of her apparel," her husband must forfeit ten pounds every three months, unless he gave some other designated equivalent. It must have been a sad time for the lovers of pretty things. Bad enough to face one's husband with a long dress-maker's account; but a tax-gatherer on the back of that, looking in for £10 every quarter because my lady would be in the fashion—Whew! Under the Emperor Paul of Russia, a gentleman wearing pantaloons instead of knee-breeches was certain to be arrested. A gentleman was caned by the police in the public street for wearing a neckcloth thicker in texture than was allowed by law. A lady at court wearing too low a bodice was ordered into close confinement on a bread and water diet. A gentleman's hair falling a little over his forehead at a public ball, he was threatened by a policeman that, if he did not instantly cut his hair, his head should be shaved by the authorities!

Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the president whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The Doctor replied, "Certainly, M. le President; but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points I can answer your question."

Apropos of the cattle-plague the following recipe for a disease among cattle, known as "muir-ill," will be found in the "Heart of Midlothian," in the postscript of Jeanie Dean's letter to her father. Whether that disease has any affinity to the present epidemic let the learned decide: "I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow (writes Jeanie to 'Douce Davie,' her father), that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca't, of yill, whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly a mutchkin, boiled wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed down the creature's throat in ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bauson-faced year-auld quey; an' it does na gude it can do nae ill. She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beasts." It would be strange, indeed, if the recipe of one of Scott's most amiable heroines should prove more efficacious than the thousand-and-one nostrums which have been prescribed as a remedy for the disease.

An exchange tells of an enamored man who took a young widow on a sleigh-ride, proposed to her, and was accepted; after which he was so elated that he wished some one would ask him for a loan of a few hundred dollars without security, saying he was never so happy in his life. The paper, however, forgot to give the address of this supremely happy man, and so all our efforts to borrow the "few hundred dollars" have been in vain.

Gentlemen are politely requested not to read the following paragraph. It is inserted expressly for the ladies, and designed to give *them* a hint for times of danger:

"A few nights ago Mr. Bodkins, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out the parachute. 'What are you going to do with that thing?' said she. 'Why, my dear, I expected a very severe storm to-night, and so I came prepared.' In less than five minutes Mrs. Bodkins was fast asleep."

FREDRIKA BREMER.

In presenting our readers with the accompanying portrait of Fredrika Bremer a few words may not be unacceptable regarding the career of this remarkable woman, whose earthly life closed at Arsta, the former residence of her family, on the 31st of December last. To the people of this country the career of Miss Bremer is especially interesting from the fact that she has lived among us, and is so well remembered here by thousands of loving friends.

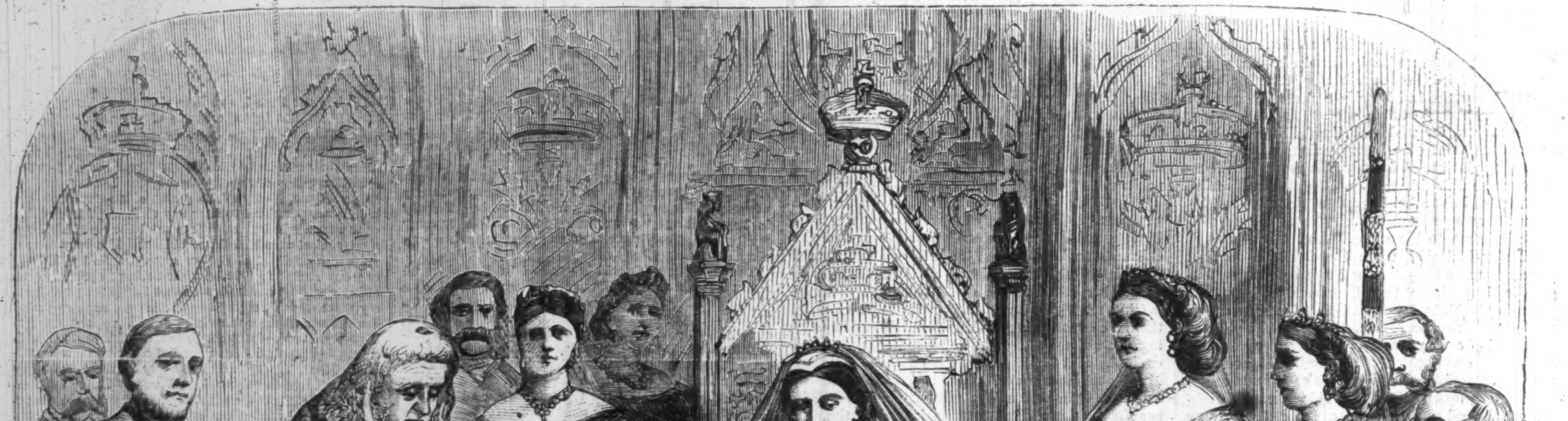
It is now about a quarter of a century since the spirited publisher Brockhaus, of Leipsic, introduced to his countrymen and women a series of stories so truthful in their descriptions of simple, often homely life—their living portraiture of fathers, mothers, children, and servants, all the individuals of the home circle, in all their varieties—their tendernesses, their queernesses, their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears—as to seize at once on the public heart. Nobody criticised them, nobody questioned whether they were good or bad; all they did was to read them, to laugh or to cry over them, and to feel astonished how pictures so simple could exercise such a fascination over them. These were the famous "Sketches of Everyday Life," by Fredrika Bremer, first and foremost of which stands her inimitable "Neighbors," with its charming Francisca, the excellent Bear, and the powerfully-drawn Ma chère Mère. Now that the once so greatly admired authoress has passed from earthly existence, we shall not attempt a criticism of her works, but remember how much we have loved her, how much we owe her, and how much has been accomplished by a woman of slight physical frame and in any thing but robust health through the greater part of her life, and for how much lasting good her name will be honored in her native land for generations yet to come. Twice she received the highest honor which the Swedish Academy could offer—that of its gold medal. Besides the so well known "Sketches of Everyday Life," Miss Bremer wrote "The Diary," "Brothers and Sisters," and "The Midnight Sun," none of which, however, attained to the celebrity of their predecessors.

THE LATE FREDRIKA BREMER.

No doubt Miss Bremer felt this herself when she changed the pleasant fields of fiction for the more laborious ones of foreign travel. Her travels, to which five years were devoted—two in America and three in Europe and the Holy Land—fill about ten volumes, which contain much close study and deep reflection, and are remarkable for their vivid pictures of life and scenery.

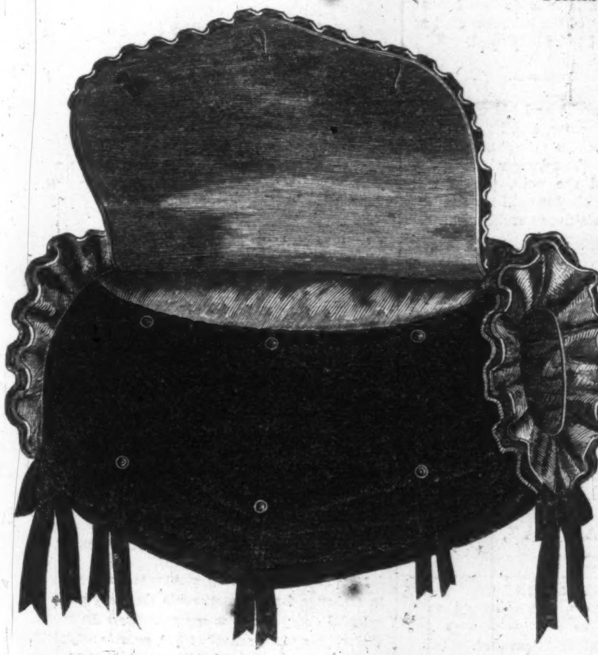
It is not always that the author whose works have delighted and even edified the world lives up to the nobility and truth of his own teaching. This, however, was the case with this excellent woman, whose private life was as remarkable for its deeds of love and mercy as her literary life was for its industry. Those who knew her best loved her most. She enjoyed the society of the young, and surrounded herself by them, generally having one or more young ladies residing with her. One of these assures us that in the twelve months she was in daily intercourse with her she never saw her out of temper, never saw her otherwise than actively kind and assiduous in every way to add to the comfort and pleasure of those who surrounded her. She was received in the highest society of Stockholm, from the Royal circle downward. She was highly accomplished, and spoke several European languages fluently.

Miss Bremer was the means of establishing the Seminarium in Stockholm, an institution kindred to our Ladies' Colleges. She was at the head of every philanthropic work in Stockholm, and many a noble institution both there and in Copenhagen, as, for instance, the Asylum for Destitute Children, owes its existence entirely to her.

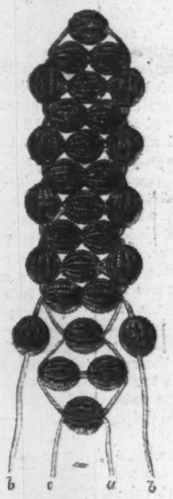


OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE ROYAL SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—[See Page 158.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

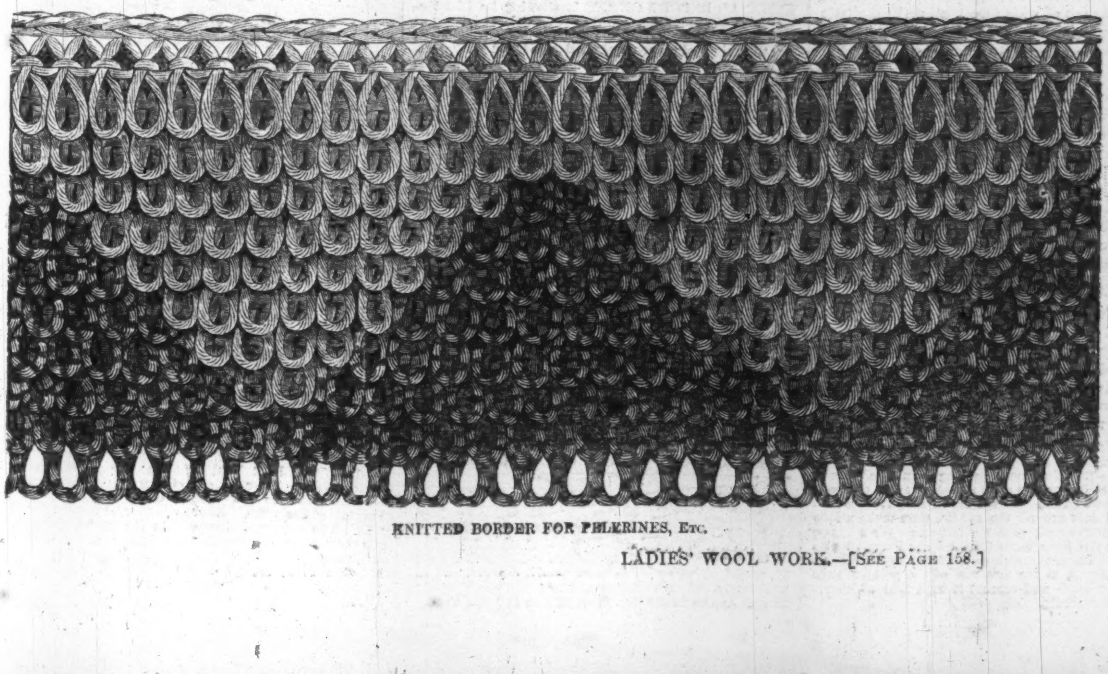


No. 2.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET WITH SILK TRIMMING.

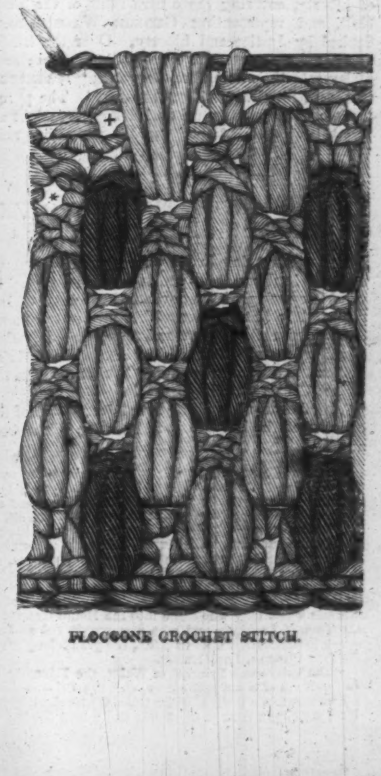


BANDEAU GREC OF PEARL MOSAIC.

No. 1.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET TRIMMED WITH FUR.



KNITTED BORDER FOR PELERINES, ETC.



FLOCCONE CROCHET STITCH.

LADIES' WOOL WORK.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

TWICE FIVE AND TWICE TEN.

Two children talking together
With the wisdom of twice five years,
And the simple inductive fancy,
That sees beyond what appears.

Said Charlie to little Bessie,
Abruptly ceasing to play,
"I saw Bertie's horse in the stable;
He comes nearly every day."

"Don't you know he comes to see Annie?
Ah! ah! I was right in my guess,
I always know when he's coming—
Annie has on that pretty pink dress.

"She always makes a difference,
Be it only a ribbon or rose,
Whenever he comes, she wishes
To look her best, I suppose."

"And do you think she's in earnest?"
"Oh! Charlie, how cruel to doubt—
Why they walk hand in hand together
When the stars are shining out."

"Well that certainly ought to mean something,
But, somehow or other, I fear
He is not the first or the second;
There may be another next year.

"To-day a new dress or new ribbon,
To-morrow, perhaps, a new rose,
Next year, let us say, a new lover—
Or it may be a dozen, who knows?"

"Now, Charlie, don't be sarcastic;
Would you have her dress always the same?
What has dress to do with affection?
It may be she was not to blame."

"Ah! Bessie, we birds grow cautious
When we see one or two in the net—
The bait may be very attractive,
And the snare very cunningly set.

"But those two or three victims before us,
They seem to whisper, beware!
The woodland berry is safer,
And, perchance, more wholesome fare.

"Give me the girl that has never
Lov'd any one else but me,
That changes not with the season,
Nor runs after novelty!"

"Ah! Charlie, it must be outrageous
For love once settled to range;
Whatever the season or fashion,
The heart surely never should change."

Take care, Master Charles and Miss Bessie,
There are some things beyond your ken,
The pledges of twice five summers
Are not always redeemed by twice ten.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No anniversary of WASHINGTON's Birthday has had so much significance as the last, which was celebrated in this city with unusual enthusiasm. Among the events of the day worthy of notice were the Military Parade and the presentation by the Union League Club to General GRANT of a Portrait of General SCOTT. In the evening there was a display of fire-works in different parts of the city. Of the display in the Park in front of the City Hall we give an illustration on our first page. It was witnessed by about fifty thousand persons. The pieces, as designated by the pyrotechnists, are as follows: The Indian Palmetto, Golden Circle and Grecian Battery, Persian Rose, Cross of Peru, Yew-tree, Tribute to Ceres, Zania Peruvia, Saturn and his Satellites, Star of America, Star of Independence, Golden Waterfall, Yankee Wind-mill, Passion-Flower, Fairies' Frolic, and, lastly, a Grand Temple of Liberty, covering the centre front of the City Hall, and representing GEORGE WASHINGTON, flanked by Justice and Liberty. Over the heads of the three figures were three golden eagles; and underneath the whole were the words, "WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY." The pyrotechnic display was concluded without accident, at about half past eight in the evening, when the great multitude dispersed.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND OPENING HER PARLIAMENT.

FOR the first time in five years, QUEEN VICTORIA met her Parliament in person on February 6. It was the opening of the Seventh Parliament of her reign. The last occasion of her personal presence in the House of Lords was to inaugurate the Session of a Parliament (the Sixth) which had been thrice honored in a similar manner. On that occasion the Prince Consort stood by her side.

The following is an abridged description of the opening of the Seventh Parliament as taken from an English paper:

"Meanwhile an interesting scene had been for some time visible within the House of Lords. At noon a long line of carriages extended from Pall Mall to the peers' entrance of the Palace of Westminster, most, if not all, of which were occupied by ladies in full evening costume—the wives, daughters, and sisters of peers, and of members of the Government, and some few who were, perhaps, not so nearly connected with the Upper Chamber, but who had influence enough to procure the entrée from the envied distributor of such favors. One of the most notable of the arrivals was a lady who came into the House escorted by the Earl of Lovelace, and who was recognized as Lady ANNE ISABELLA NOEL KING NOEL, the grand-daughter of GEORGE GORDON, Lord BYRON.

"The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince in the full uniform of a general officer, and the Princess tastefully attired in a dress of white tulle, trimmed with black lace, wearing a tiara of diamonds and a long flowing veil of white gauze, entered side by side. The Princess was escorted to the place of honor on the woolsack, immediately fronting the throne. The Prince of Wales took his seat alongside the Duke of Cambridge, with whom he was speedily engaged in conversation. At twelve minutes past two the door on the right of the House was thrown open; and we had just a glimpse of the green-carpeted vestibule, with two gigantic Guardsmen standing by. Then the procession slowly entered. Preceded by the Gentlemen-at-Arms, the chief officers of the household, and the bearers of the state sword and crown, her Majesty, accompanied by Princesses HELENA and LOUISA, Prince ARTHUR, and Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein, walked round to the front of the throne. Ascending the dais, she was followed by the Princesses, who, as soon as her Majesty had seated herself, partially drew round her the robes of state which had been hanging loosely on the throne. Her Majesty wore a velvet dress of so deep a purple that it almost seemed black, bordered with ermine, a mantle of the like material, a white lace veil falling from her widow's cap, and a heavy diamond necklace. The two Princesses, dressed in white, stood with Prince CHRISTIAN on the left of the throne, while on her Majesty's right were two ladies in waiting, dressed in black, the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chancellor, etc.

"During the interval that elapsed between the summons of the Commons and the reply, the Queen sat silent and motionless, with her eyes fixed upou the ground."

The Speech from the throne was then read by the Lord Chancellor.

"CAUGHT NAPPING."

THE picture engraved on page 152 is by a promising young English artist, Mr. A. H. BURR. We must leave the reader to speculate how the idle little urchin and despiser of learning came to commit the outrage on all scholastic propriety for which he is about to be visited with condign punishment. Perhaps the dominie has been absent a short time and returned unexpectedly; perhaps the little culprit has fancied himself out of observation, beneath the desk of the despot immediately behind him. Possibly the Jove of this petty realm and half-blind wielder of the leathern Nemesis has himself been nodding; if so, his anger would, of course, be heightened tenfold by the presumption of this little creature in following the example of irresponsible power. As the child is father of the man, so is the school an ante-room to the world. Here we find one bending manfully to his task, there another makes faces at it, either in disgust or for his own and others' amusement; and, yonder, a third neglects it altogether. While what more characteristic of adult nature than that we should make merry over our neighbor's misfortunes? Even some of the softer sex, it seems by this picture, are capable of sharing the tempting pleasure. Here and there, however, it also appears, there are little womanly hearts attuned to thrill with pity and compassion at misfortune and pain; and now and then beauty may be seen irradiated with the heavenly light of unselfish love.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIGURES 1 and 4 furnish two distinct representations of a casaque known as "the Sappho," which has met with much favor in the grand monde, and promises to become very fashionable generally. It is made of black velvet, trimmed with a passementerie of black silk and jet ornaments, which terminates in a broad fringe, with a couple of tassels at the extremity. In the parts which are turned over by the collar and the cuffs is a fine and narrow guipure. The waistcoat is terminated with a guipure of similar pattern but of greater depth.

The bonnet adapted to this casaque is extremely simple. It is composed of black velvet, with a black ostrich feather, and having a kind of diadem in front ornamented with small black cameos.

Figure 2 is a ball-dress of straw-color satin, over which is a jupon of white tulle, which covers the entire robe, with the exception of the corsage and the extremity of the train. The corsage and the bottom of the jupon are trimmed with puffs of tulle, caught up by yellow roses. The train of the robe is scolloped. The coiffure is composed of a branch of yellow roses, which descends as low as the waist.

No. 3 is an evening dress of pouts de soie, striped blue and white, with a large relevé fixed behind by a bow of blue velvet with very long ends. The relevé, which is of blue satin, is bordered—as well as the body and the bottom of the robe—with velvet to match. At the extreme end of the robe is a tuyanté bleu.

The "coiffure Josephine" is composed of a chignon of small curls, covered with a net, and fastened on by a large gold comb. A diadem, also of gold, is worn in front.

On the same page with our Fashion cut we give several engravings illustrating specimens of ladies' wool work, to each of which we shall make separate allusion:

"BANDEAU GREC" OF PEARL MOSAIC.

This bandeau can be very easily manufactured at home out of chased bronze pearls, imitation coral, or any other fancy beads, in the following manner: The two inner threads, marked *a* in the pattern, are passed alternately, first through one, then through two beads, forming a diamond square. The outer threads, *d*, are then each passed through a single bead and crossed inside of the two inner beads in the middle of the diamond. A bracelet can be made to match the "bandeau" in the same manner with fine elastic cord.

"FLOCONNE" CROCHET STITCH.

This stitch is admirably adapted to coverings for the feet and traveling wraps, not only on account of its beauty, but its warmth and elasticity, and when worked in two colors—for example, black and white—forms a good imitation of fur for children's muffs and collars. It is set up in tolerably loose meshes and worked backward and forward, thus:

1st Row.—In each mesh of the original casting one ordinary close mesh.

2d Row (*).—One close mesh (passing the needle through both loops, which forms an *open mesh*), one tuft of meshes, to be repeated from * to the end. To form the tuft pass the wool once around the needle, then make a loop through the next mesh; repeat this process three times, always using the same mesh for the three loops. Unite the loops and extra three threads of the tuft with one mesh, as is shown in the first row of the pattern, then make an open mesh and crochet it with that which remains upon the needle.

3d Row.—Hole mesh through every single and every tuft mesh.

4th Row.—Repeats the second, except that the loops for the tuft are passed through the second open mesh below the top, designated in the pattern by an asterisk (*). The hole for the close mesh is the one succeeding the tuft, and is marked in the pattern by a cross (+). The contrasting color may be worked in longer tufts or strictly according to the above design.

MUFF WITH POCKET.

This perfect protection against the severity of the winter furnishes a beautiful and suitable gift, and can be made at home. Its excellence consists in being manufactured of materials to match the dress, and being furnished with a pocket, the opening of which is covered with a lappet. The arrangement of this muff may be varied, but the above design is worthy a pre-eminence. The outer covering is made of black velvet, laid in folds at the sides underneath the arm-holes, which are trimmed, as well as the lappet, with broad bands of fur. The whole is lined with white sarsenet. The lappet is adorned with a rich application of black satin, embroidered with pearls, in the middle of which is a shield with an initial letter. The lappet is closed with buttons, and the muff is furnished with rich cords and tassels.

A more simple style for children is shown in pattern No. 2. This consists of dark blue velvet, lined with blue silk, and trimmed around the arm-holes and lappet with double frills of blue silk bound with the same. The whole is completed with bands of blue velvet and mother-of-pearl buttons.

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Material: White zephyr worsted; pearl-gray worsted, two fine wooden knitting-needles, and a flat mesh, four-fifths of an inch wide, such as is used in netting.

This fringe-like border is peculiarly fitted for pelerines, basques, small rugs, etc., and is knitted with white and pearl-gray worsted in interlacing points. The required amount of stitches is cast on with pearl worsted, always taking care that it be capable of being divided by 14, that number being necessary for each point; and it is knitted backward and forward, like a garter.

1st Row (loops).—The first stitch is taken off without knitting. The netting wand is then placed at the back of the work, * the needle is passed through the next stitch, and the thread thrown over it; this thread is then placed around the wand from above, again thrown over the needle, so that the latter has two threads, the wand only one, and the stitch is taken off. This process is repeated from * to the end.

2d Row is knitted regularly without drawing out the wand, every double stitch being made into one. The wand is then drawn out, and the 1st and 2d row alternately repeated until the border, which consists of ten rows, is completed. In the 3d row of loops two after every twelve must be made of white worsted, and the same number of white must be added in each successive row, until in the 8th row two meshes of pearl appear between every twelve of white. Two rows of white loops finish the border.

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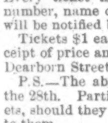

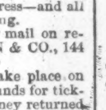

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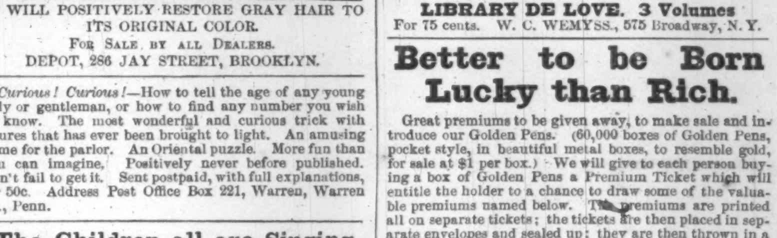

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